

THE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE,
 OF
 POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND BELLES LETTRES.

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LONDON:
 SHERWOOD, GILBERT, AND PIPER,
 PATERNOSTER ROW.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX

It is our determination to devote a space to our correspondents, wherein they may enlighten the public after their own fashion. Our reason for this particularly good-natured resolution is, that we occasionally receive some choice morsels, which, although unsuitable to the pages of the Magazine, will do admirably well for a *melange*, such as we intend our "Letter-box" to be. Some are interesting from their humour—others from their absurdity. We shall seldom offer remarks on that which is intended for our "benefit;" therefore let them all go together, and each take the credit of his own.

We are compelled to omit our Postscript, to make room for other matter.

We again request our numerous correspondents and contributors to bear in mind—once for all—that we burn, or otherwise destroy, all contributions which do not suit our Magazine: and that we do not, will not, hold ourselves answerable, in any respect whatever, for any such contributions.

Totness, February 12, 1836.

To the Editor of the Old Monthly.—Sir,—I take the liberty of sending for your liberal "letter-box," the following. Should it meet your approbation, I need not say how proud I shall feel.

ORIGIN OF A BLUSH.

Cupid in playful humour plac'd
On Beauty's brow a blushing rose;
And seeing how the flow'ret grac'd
Her damask cheek with deeper glows,
Venus implored the bloom to stamp
For ever on young Beauty's face;
To shed as a celestial lamp
O'er every charm, yet softer grace.
The enraptur'd Goddess heard his prayer,
Then deeply dyed the crimson flush;
And it has ever linger'd there,
And mortals call the tint a "blush."

W. D. T.

Ed. of the Monthly.—If the thing at foot is suitable, pray insert it.
Your obedient Servant.

B.

LOVE.

R me! in X T C, I will D pict to U
What love and fate, A las! have ordered for to B:
And tell B side, O! with a tearful eye to VU
The anguish of my AKN heart for U to C.

U will observe, I had scarce reach'd my X1Xth year,
 When deep in love I fell with rich Miss MR G,
 Just at the hour of twilight, when she did APR
 Divine, indeed, over a cup of Twan K T.

In company with MR and Miss LN J,
 There was, B side myself U C at T,
 Her pretty sister LNR and 1 Miss K,
 To meet her brother Nry just come home from C.

Sweet MR sat just opposite to me at T,
 Leering her I about as if she knew her Q,
 "O! MR," I Xclaimed," your Q I C,
 My P I'll mind, before I give my heart to U."

Here was a chance, I thought my fortune it was made,
 And that I should XL for any I to C;
 But when A light was brought, I found sweet MR had
 But 1 I only in her head where 2 should B.

"O MR," I replied, "I now do C U R,
 Without XS, XSF ugly as can B;
 Indeed U R, without Xception, much by far
 2 plain, with 2 I in your head, to do for me."

B.

Cinnamon Gardens, Arabia.

Dear Sir,—Engrave the enclosed upon the everlasting pages of the Adamantine
 Letter-Box.

Arzael.

STANZAS SPENSERIAN.

See! yonder comes a little sun-burnt band
 Of boys and girls, who to the fields have been,
 So tired, that they scarcely can stand.
 With pinnafores and bonnets full of green!
 Oft to their little joys, in favour lean.
 See! blue-eyed Charley, with his earthen jar,
 Filled with "tittle-bats" and "rosy salmon,"
 Keeps jogging on beside the four-wheeled car,
 Piled up with daisy-weed and butter-flower.

THE REFORMED PARLIAMENT TRIUMPHANT.

THE sun of national hope has begun to dawn on the horizon of parliament, and the King has spoken for once the artless idiom of his heart. The Royal speech, unlike its predecessors, does not indulge in ministerial hieroglyphics, or the sibylline mummeries of defunct Toryism, but manfully and unostentatiously addresses itself to the minds of Britons. It is not one of the puffing dramatic bills of the minor theatres, but a dignified programme of a performance of the halcyon days of Siddons and Kemble. It heralds the fulfilment of those long-cherished hopes, the darling conceptions of English hearts, and covenant measures, which have long been under the tuition of national wisdom. It breathes the healing spirit of consolation at home, and of British dignity abroad. It is an ample concession to the hungry cravings of the spirit of the age, and a tardy but resolute assertion of the juxta-position of Great Britain towards the leading powers of Europe. Parliament has unanimously responded to the patriotic declaration of the constitutional sovereign, and the desertion from the ranks of Conservatives, who have on this occasion joined the ministerial phalanx, is alike symptomatic of the righteousness of the popular cause, and the hopelessness of the adverse faction. Thus, happily, the harmony between Parliament and the Ministry is complete, and the national diapason has attained its utmost perfection. What an interesting panorama to the anxious minds of Britons! A crowded house of the genuine representatives of the British people, whose feelings concordly converge on the central purpose of purifying the constitution from abuses, and securing the stability of the throne.

The Commons, as the true representatives of the people, have taken their early position on the rail-road of reform, and their undaunted and indefatigable leader (Lord John Russell) has announced the introduction of a series of measures, all tending to satisfy the anxious wants of the people.

This highly gifted nobleman continues to exhibit in his conduct that unflinching spirit, which gained for one of his illustrious ancestors the crown of political martyrdom, and to prove to the world that, far from squandering away the rich inheritance of patriotic virtue, bequeathed to him by that holy victim of the Stuarts, he has considerably added to its value.

Among the numerous measures covenanted to the nation, by this sagacious statesman, a bill for a general registration through England and Wales, of Births, Marriages, and Deaths; and a second of equal importance, to amend the existing laws respecting the Marriages of Dissenters, hold a prominent place.

By the first it is intended to do away with that odious monopoly so long retained by the Church of England, of registering those births which had been sanctioned by baptism; and those marriages which had been celebrated according to the rites of the aforesaid church. By the second, permission is conferred on Dissenters, to celebrate their marriages in their own chapels, and by their own ministers, without the concurrence of any minister of the established church, and without the formality of publishing bans. The bill likewise leaves those who wish to contract marriage the power of concluding it before a civil magistrate, without the sanction of any religious ceremony. This latter expiatory measure, highly idiomatic of the temper of the present age, is a legitimate return to the salutary laws of the commonwealth, which even the restoration did not think of abrogating. It is a triumph of religion upon hypocrisy, of "justice upon despotism." As sincere followers of the established church, we heartily rejoice in these beneficial reforms, which will tend to strengthen her influence, by softening those repulsive features which age and corruption had imprinted on her physiognomy, as the removal of obnoxious weeds from a towering tree impart to it a fresh vigour. Simultaneously with the introduction of these reforming measures in the House of Commons, the Lord Chancellor has, in a speech replete with sound doctrines, and luxuriating in the positive eloquence of the law, introduced a bill for the consolidation and reform of the ecclesiastical courts; which, for the pregnancy of its result, is not second to the measures so ably and seasonably announced by Lord John Russell. The Lord Chancellor's intended bill has met with the unanimous assent of the house, and even secured the powerful support of Lord Lyndhurst. The next measure in rotation will be a "sweeping reform" in chancery,

so loudly, and hitherto so uselessly, claimed by the common indignation of the English people, and so unequivocally re-echoed by the opprobrium of foreign nations. It is high time that abuses coeval with the ignorance and despotism of baronial ages—when justice was farmed to a few privileged families—should make room for defined and unequivocal laws, in an age eminently remarkable for the equalization of human rights; it is high time that that ponderous machinery of quibblings and technicalities be replaced by a simple engine of legislation, better consorting with the spirit of the present age, and the positive wants of society.

The harmony of that memorable sitting was in a sole instance disturbed by the gallant Lord Londonderry, who in one of those specimens of eccentric eloquence for which that nobleman is deservedly become so celebrated, he attempted to prove the sacredness of the rights of Don Carlos to the absolute throne of Spain, and the eminent benefits which that illustrious country would derive from the royal sceptre being restored to the hands of that king of the inquisition, and the relentless butchery of British soldiers.

From the decisive measures which the Ministers have adopted during the recess, especially with reference to the removal of obnoxious individuals, both from domestic and foreign situations, and from the spirit of alacrity and firmness, which they have so unequivocally displayed in the **FIRST WEEK OF THE PRESENT SESSION**, we have a right to expect an uninterrupted sequel of further beneficial reforms, tending all to restore the Constitution to its primitive healthy state. We humbly intreat the Ministry, of which we boast of being unflinching supporters, to persevere in their adopted spirit of decision, without suffering themselves to be intimidated by the braggadocio threats of an impotent faction, the grumblings of casuistical waverers, or the expiring influence of a motley camarilla—"Onwards!" is the unanimous watchword of Great Britain; and onwards they must proceed. In all our future numbers we shall continue—deferentially, of course, to express our opinion on the nature and quality of the measures which they shall have introduced, and fearlessly point out those abuses which claim redress, and which might have escaped their vigilance. The unqualified abolition of that inhuman and disgraceful torture, flogging in the Army, will, we hope, rivet the immediate attention of the legislature: and we trust in the good sense of the people, that they will no longer suffer

themselves to be cajoled by the sophistry and old-womanish alarms of their legislators.

We rejoice to perceive, that our Government has assumed, with foreign powers, that imposing attitude to which Great Britain is unequivocally entitled—both by her moral and physical resources. As the Queen of the empire of thought, England has a right to speak out the energetic language of the commonwealth. Let her “frown” be like the frown of the Jupiter of Homer, the righteous avenger of injustice and tyranny. Let her diplomatists be the Drakes, the Nelsons, the Collingwoods, the Exmouths—let her “protocols be seventy-four-gun ships, and the place of diplomatic discussions the port of Sebastopoli—Russian ambition must be curbed, and effectually curbed. If Lord Durham fails, our invincible navy will not. If the bar of the Dardanelles is not removed through persuasion, it must be removed by the more convincing argument of British Thunder. We have had enough of foreign quibbling: we must now have English eloquence—the eloquence of the Trident.

The present fratricidal contest in Spain must speedily be put an end to. Humanity, justice, religion, to say nothing of expediency, imperiously claim it. If we were not aware of the puritanical anxiety of the Tories for the cause of the liberties of nations, we should unreservedly hail with sincere gratitude Lord Aberdeen's taunt to Lord Melbourne,—“that the policy adopted by our foreign minister towards Spain was timid, and unbecoming the dignity of the British nation; and that the quadrupartite treaty ought to have been acted upon in its true spirit, by our affording Spain such undisguisedly powerful and efficient assistance, as to enable her to get out, without delay, of her present distressed situation.” We fain confess that we share in this opinion; and that we should have been exceedingly more pleased if, instead of sending out by stealth to Spain a legion of raw and undisciplined recruits, we had despatched thither a few regiments of our brave army. The effect of this latter measure upon the sentiments of the *Holy Alliance* would have been the same; whilst the time which the raw recruits from this country have lost in attaining that degree of discipline which can enable them to cope with the soldiers of Don Carlos has been profitably employed by that Bœtian Despot in strengthening and disciplining his army, collecting resources, and intriguing with

foreign powers. What a waste of human lives, of property, of time, would have been spared by the adoption of so truly British conduct. The despots of Europe cannot go to war with us, because their subjects are with the English people—the sole trustees of the rights of mankind!

WAR SONG.

My standard's proudly waving,
 The foe are on the plain;
 My burning heart is craving
 To meet them once again:
 The trumpet's loudly sounding, my sword is glancing high,
 My steed is wildly bounding in beams of sunny sky.
 Hurra!

My shield is brightly flashing,
 Reflecting gleams of light;
 My steed is swiftly dashing
 On to the distant fight:
 My soul is in the action, and with my latest breath
 I'll shout—We strike for freedom, for victory or death!
 Hurra!

I've left no fair one weeping,
 My sabre is my bride;
 And when with Death I'm sleeping,
 Oh! place her by my side!
 Hurra! my heart is glowing—I fear no cypress wreath!
 We strike, we strike for freedom, for liberty or death!
 Hurra!

THE POLITICAL RIGHTS OF THE JEWS.

THE verdict of public opinion has decided, in favour of mankind, the long-pending question of the liberty of conscience ; and religion has at last been recognised for a mysterious feeling, whose nature and extent can only be defined by God ; an interference, therefore, by human agency with this invisible intercourse between Man and his Creator, is a crime of high treason against God, and a culpable attempt at bastardizing the laws of Nature. The worn-out machinery of religious polemics has crumbled to dust in its contact with the arm of reason, like Alcina's enchanted castle at the touch of Astopho's spear—Religious persecution is no longer a fact, but an historical monument standing in the midst of the solitude of desolation, like a stone erected in a field to perpetuate the records of a sanguinary contest. This holy theory, for so many centuries floating in the atmosphere of the mind of the philosopher, has suddenly changed into a majestic fact—and this invaluable property of Man has been inscribed in the grand book of his rights.—This great truth, this eloquence of heaven, is fast spreading in every corner of the world, and religious persecution is locked up in the jewel-casket of tyranny. Thus, the many roads, styled religious, which all converge to the same point, the throne of God, have been unbarred by the arm of Justice and Reason, and their rough ploughed-up surface has been macadamized by that of justice and reason.

The English people, always foremost in the grand struggle between rights and privileges, has proclaimed this great truth, and Parliament has put upon it the seal of the constitution.—Thus, the hateful name of Dissenters will be speedily blotted out of the inquisitorial pages of religious history, and emerge in that more congenial of Britons. Yet the career of Puritanism is not wholly eradicated from the re-embellished countenance of Great Britain, and a class of Dissenters alike illustrious for their noble tenacity to doctrines which for the space of fifty centuries exclusively ruled the conscience of man, and for the scrupulous practice of social duties, is still excluded from the triumphal banquet of reason.

We allude to the Jews, whose sacred rights, the rights entrusted to them by nature, are still the monopoly of quibble and the sport of persecution. They are represented as labouring under the unmitigated revenge of God, as if the august Father of creation belonged to the phalanx of our sublunary despots—they are stigmatised with the curse of that divine being, who, in the midst of torments, and while surrendering up his holy spirit, vouchsafed pardon to the guilty! Yet those outcasts of God and society hold in humble bondage crowned heads and governments, by their sway over the financial world, and almost monopolize the comforts of this life, and the consideration which is attached to the possession of wealth. Want of space precludes us from more diffusely dwelling on this teeming subject, to which we shall cheerfully return in our next and future numbers. In advocating this cause, we give fresh pledges of our tenacity to the doctrines of Christianity, of which the most striking feature is universal tolerance. In the mean time we call upon the people of England, the undaunted conquerors of rooted abuses and political anomalies to support the Jews in the recovery of those rights, which have been stolen from them by the rapacious grasp of religious tyranny.

THE ADVENT OF POLAND!

POLAND!—what a thrilling word for British hearts! Poland!—what a soul-stirring, feeling-awakening subject is the country of Sobiesky and Kosciusko for the land of Sidney and Russell! There is a family compact between these two nations, sanctified by the verdict of history, which the double-edged sword of Cossack tyranny cannot sever; an association of interests, which the cunning casuistry of diplomacy cannot dissolve; a sympathy of feelings, which the callousness of absolutism cannot silence. The same ray of glory irradiates the banks of the Thames and those of the Vistula. England sits like a majestic rock in the immensity of the sea—a guardian of the independence of the two worlds. Poland stands like an immeasurable barrier between the savageness of Tartary and the civilization of Europe. The English people know this truth, and cast a glance of fabidic commiseration at prostrated Poland. The Polish nation cherishes it, and turns a look of supplication on powerful England. The crowned despots of Europe feel it, and keep their terror-stricken countenances on the two affectionate sisters. Thank God! the cause of Poland is safe, because it is under the omnipotent guardianship of the British people! There is but one compact feeling in England towards oppressed Poland. Whigs and Tories have cheerfully and jointly signed the decree of her political resurrection, and Justice has countersigned the covenant. Lord Dudley Stuart, the undaunted champion of the dormant rights of the Polish people, and one of the many gifted noblemen who shed lustre on our aristocracy, has again taken the lead in this session. In a speech equally remarkable for the soundness of its doctrines, the eloquence of its diction, and the self-possession of its delivery, he expounded the truth of our doctrines, in the ever-memorable sitting of the 18th inst. The encomiastic reception with which that luminous speech was rewarded by a full House, is a pledge that the anxious expectations of the two coalesced nations will not be defeated by quibble, much less by threats. We feel no distrust in the result of future events.

SONG OF FREEDOM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GARLAND."

EAGLE of France ! why droopest thou the wing ;
 Why flash not forth the lightnings of thine eye ?
 Does memory still to by-gone glories cling,
 Breaks forth from lone St. Helen's rock the sigh ?
 Yon distant sound, 'tis of the clash of swords ;
 An injured people rise up in their might !
 When Northern Neroes band their Tartar hordes,
 Then is it time for freemen to unite.

Prattling of peace, four haughty monarchs sate ;
 War's crimson flag beside them prostrate lay ;
 E'en proud ambition, at the nod of fate,
 From fame's bright fane, reluctant, turn'd away.
 Alas ! to think all were but idle words—
 Might's deluge wave still flows o'er man's best right.
 When Northern Neroes band their Tartar hordes,
 Then is it time for freemen to unite.

Lion of England ! wherefore dost thou sleep ;
 Hast thou no power to succour the oppress'd ?
 Lo ! where in chains Sarmatia's children weep ;
 Once with the glorious light of freedom blest,
 Siberian wilds, death, confiscation, cords,
 In spectral visions, burst upon their sight.
 When Northern Neroes band their Tartar hordes,
 Is it not time for freemen to unite ?

E'en as I sing, mine eyes prospective see
 Two mighty nations, hand in hand, advance :
 This bears the lion banner of the free,—
 Flashes for this her eagle's victor glance.
 Yon distant sound, 'tis of the clash of swords ;
 Bold hearts beat high for Poland and her right,
 When Northern Neroes band their Tartar hordes,
 Then is it time for freemen to unite.

A spirit voice the storm of battle rides,
 A spirit form of light dispels the gloom ;
 From rank to rank a Kosciuscow glides—
 'Tis freedom speaks from Sobieski's tomb !
 Vain is the strength the tyrant's plea affords ;
 Despot ! thy worst protection is thy might.
 When Northern Neroes band their Tartar hordes,
 Then is it time for freemen to unite.

December 22, 1835.

H. B.

" OLD BOGY."

WHAT is there among things material or immaterial, animate or inanimate, real or unreal, whose antiquity can be compared with that ancient ideal creation of a terrified fancy, the venerable Bogy, or, in vulgar parlance, " Old Bogy?" In comparison to the age of this evergreen and universal terrorist, that of the flesh-and-blood Methuselah becomes absolute juvenility—mere boyhood; in short, our hero's origin may be dated from the creation of man, or perhaps, more strictly speaking, the fall of man. We say hero, in our personification, believing that the masculine gender has always been assigned to this very extraordinary ideality. Whatever doubts may be entertained as to the precise period of his birth, there can be none with regard to the woful extent of his influence and power; inasmuch as the latter has been experienced by all, in a greater or less degree, through every stage of this " fleeting life." But it is in our infantine days that we more especially entertain the most profound awe of his terrific attributes,—his immediate province being the nursery-room, where his presence is frequently invoked by the voice of exhausted patience to curb the tiresome freaks of a little, unruly urchin. And where is the heart that has not palpitated on the mere mention of " Old Bogy's coming!" during the tender period of infancy and childhood? Most surely, no where: for the dread of his imaginary advent has been felt by every son and daughter of our great progenitors.

But it is necessary to state, that the term " Bogy" is of a generic kind, comprehending all those terrific immaterialities known by the cognomens of " Ugly Ben," " Old Gooseberry," &c. Moreover, there have been at various epochs of the world's history tangible objects to which his evil spirit has transmigrated—animated representatives of his sublime highness—at least, according to the imaginations of weak-minded persons, old and young. For instance, the popes have for ages been considered, by a vast number, to possess the scaring qualifications of Bogyism.

But with regard to the people of this country, no being of human form ever embodied its startling peculiarities so faithfully in their estimation as " Le Grand Empereur." What unspeakable terror did the

magic words "Buonaparte's coming" convey to the English ears, some five-and-twenty years ago! How electric was the effect produced by this awful announcement on all his Britannic Majesty's liege subjects! In an instant, every horrible association was connected with the imaginary arrival of that great military genius. The tremulous accents of prophetic old-ladyism declared, that no sooner would he plant his foot on Albion's lovely isle than the work of immediate destruction would ensue, by all falling sacrifice to general conflagration, general ravishment, general annihilation, and various other demoniacal agents! For years did this gloomy phantom of a distempered imagination haunt the waking as well as sleeping hours of John Bull's numerous family, a great portion of which, animated with feelings of noble patriotism, organized themselves into a band of volunteers—or, as some would have it, "wolunteers"—for the purpose of resisting the visit of the emperor. They doubtless thought, to adopt the words of Lord Hastings, that—

"On this foundation would they build their fame,
And emulate the Greek and Roman name!"

But the great dispenser of human events mercifully interposed, and prevented that dread collision which sickens humanity to behold, and left those who were disposed to

"Think England's peace bought cheaply with their blood,
And die with pleasure for their country's good,"

in the full enjoyment of their heroic aspirations, without permitting their heroism to be put to an awkward and inconvenient test. Thus were the prospective services of these embryo heroes thrown aside by the decree of fate. They were not destined to repel, at the point of the bayonet, a Buonapartean invasion; and though this was made apparent by the subsequent reverses which the great military chieftain experienced, yet it was impossible for the English people to abandon the notion of his awful visitation among them, so long as he belonged to the ranks of the living. Therefore, notwithstanding his ultimate capture and confinement, together with the well-ascertained security which the island of St. Helena afforded against his escape, they tended but in a trifling degree to diminish the dread which had been so long entertained of his voyage across the Channel; nor was it till the "grim monster laid his cold hand upon him," and his mighty spirit fled from

its "earthy tenement," that such venerable fears were entirely removed. Thus it may be said, to parody the words of Shakspeare,—

"This was the noblest *Bogy* of them all!"

Though the demise of this celebrated Corsican deprived our hero of his most considerable representative, it was not probable, from his ubiquity, that he would be any great length of time in selecting another lieutenant to carry on the interminable siege of mental terrorism. In saying this, we mean another animated agent, whose actions should supply the public mind with a liberal quantity of uneasiness. As it has just been intimated, so it turned out: in the space of a few years, the nervous multitude were furnished with a successor, possessing the necessary awe-inspiring tendency of character; and though the palm of terrifying superiority has been awarded to the Emperor, it is perhaps questionable, whether, from the vast popularity his successor has now attained, the decision for the present should not be withdrawn. At any rate, the latter may fairly challenge competition with his illustrious predecessor.

Gentle reader, startle not—the living organ of terrorism shall not be introduced abruptly; but, if thou be a Tory, "and something more," screw thy courage to the "sticking place," for thou art about to endure the infliction of an introduction that will doubtless give thee much mental purgatory. After this considerate preliminary announcement, we take the liberty of ushering in, with all due humility, "the Liberator of Ireland—the redresser of Ireland's wrongs—the field-marshal of repeal—the receiver-general of *rint*—the vulgarly termed big beggarman—the chief of hereditary bondsmen—the head of the tail," &c. &c. in the person of that remarkably *disinterested* unit, Daniel O'Connell, Esq. M. P. On the mere mention of the name, what an innumerable quantity of "death's-heads and "cross-bones," catholic threats and anti-protestant addresses, patriots' curses and dirty pence, are conjured up by the morbid fancy of Conservative prejudice and Orange bigotry! Indeed, the name O'Connell is no sooner uttered than it is associated, by the imaginary faculties of hundreds, with the appalling figure of a political vampire. Such being the case, one would reasonably suppose that Nature had bestowed on the great agitator a visage indicative of the loathsome character attributed to him. But, on the contrary, she has endeavoured, in this instance, to upset the old maxim, that "the face is the index of the mind;" for, on viewing the

broad, jocular, and good-humoured countenance of the former, it is impossible to believe its possessor to be the great locomotive repository of modern Bogyism. However, his good looks avail him not ;—he is, and has been, the most distinguished representative of the terrible for the last seven or eight years.

Having thus introduced the chief, let us next bring forward some of the minor contributors of national terrorism. Among these Mr. Attwood and the Birmingham Union carried on a sort of rivalry for a considerable time : and to speak fairly, without disparagement to others, it must be admitted that their pretensions were very considerable, and also well calculated to make the desired impression on the minds of the timid. Indeed, it was natural to suppose, from their great numbers—their huge threats—their mighty manifestoes—their declared determination to effect England's regeneration, as well as their unquestionable devotion to their chief, that revolution would inevitably result from circumstances so formidable in appearances. Besides all this, they were constantly boasting of physical force, and asserting their competency to annihilate not only the household troops, but the whole British army ! Brummagem tinkers, tailors, and door-knocker makers, versus the horse-guards !—What a choice piece of sublimity would the march of this magnificent corps have appeared, if they had pursued their route to the metropolis, as was threatened, under the direction of their bank-note commander,—the hero, not of Marengo or Waterloo, but of Paper currency !—Most probably, their enterprise would have met with a repulse that would have induced their gallant marshal to have exclaimed, like Bombastes Furioso,

“ Begone my brave army, and don't kick up a row !—”

Happily, however, things were not brought to so dangerous a crisis—thanks to the wisdom and moderation of all parties ! But though the affair was thus peaceably settled, it had been instrumental in exciting the most fearful apprehensions with regard to the safety of the state. Under such circumstances, then, it may be said to have effected the purpose of Bogy for the time being. So much for the Birmingham Union.

The next instrument of terror of which we shall speak, and one contemporaneous with the preceding, is the execrable stack-destroying Swing ! or in other words, from the peculiar nature of his occupation, the great agricultural Bogy. This rural incendiary was, doubtless, the most mischievous and diabolical character which had been for many years assumed in the masquerade of terrorism. It was, to speak seriously,

wanton, cruel, and wicked in the extreme; instigated without doubt by the arch-fiend of demoniacal conception, the hell-bound Satan.

But it is painful to describe this horrible destroyer of the earth's productions—let us therefore bid adieu to the same, and proceed to a recital of our hero's relations with the political system. These are as follows:—To the monarch, he is the genius of a republic; to the aristocracy, democratic ascendancy; to the people, the tyrant despot; to the constitutionalist, the fiend of revolution; to the religionist, the wretch of infidelity; to the champion of orthodoxy, the reckless innovator; to the Tories, a Whig administration, and vice-versa; to the Bishops, the appropriation clause; to the interested in the perpetuation of abuses, Radical Reform. In short, each member of the body politic is peculiarly endowed with the connexion of Bogy, in some one or other of his multifarious capacities.

And with regard to parliamentary affairs, it must be admitted, that he is equally associated with them in every branch. Indeed, some of his most terrific characters have been identified with legislative enactments. Among these may be classed the ever-memorable measure of Catholic Relief. This, in the imagination of political alarmists, was terrible in the extreme; who is there that did not sympathize with these pitiable martyrs of ultra-opinions who were mentally victimised during the long period of this hoary-headed monster's disguise in the garb of Catholic Emancipation?—Through this malignant freak, what horrid dreams, and dreadful visions of Popes, Pats, gridirons, and bonfires were endured by the former devoted class!—It is impossible to describe the trepidation with which they listened to the gloomy intimations of the fiend with regard to reinstating Popery. Day after day did he cruelly predict, to the greedy ear that swallowed up his discourse, that every thing Protestant would, as soon as he obtained "the Royal assent," vanish, and "like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind." In a word, his threats of annihilation to the Protestant church, conveyed as they were in whispers of fearful sound, were utterly insupportable to their true, loyal, and constitutional hearts. At length, time, the great arbiter of fate, relieved them from their horrid apprehensions, by proving Bogy's predictions, in this instance, to be, like those of other false prophets, untrue. The royal assent, which was to be the key to open the doors of revolution,—was given, and every thing remained quiet! The anticipated scene of immediate de-

struction to Protestantism did not ensue from the sanction of the first estate to the legislative enactment in question—and, what is still more wondrous, the Pope remained in Italy,—the Pats observed surprising moderation,—gridirons were not put in requisition to broil a Protestant tit-bit,—nor bonfires prepared to scorch the heretical disciples of Martin Luther. But no sooner was this affair so happily determined, and consequently the nervous system of the political Bogyites somewhat tranquillised, than the ever-fertile field of politics produced another monster, in the form of the celebrated Russell Purge, *alias* the Reform Bill—that mighty torch which fired the magazine of Boroughmongering corruption! If ever any thing merited the appellation of a *coup-de-Bogy*, it was the latter. For of all the violent assaults which our hero had, within the last score of years, perpetrated against the disordered imagination of ultra-Toryism, of which he is a perpetual tormentor, none ever inflicted a shock like this,—it seemed as though it were a condensation of terrorism's electric fluid.

To describe the dismay it produced among those before alluded to would be impossible, if we may judge from their mournful declarations on the subject. Nothing short of chaos and universal ruin was to ensue from this outrageous attack on the constitution—"Let this revolutionary measure but pass," exclaimed these faithful disciples of Bogyism, "and the sun of England is set for ever." But in spite of this timely warning, hundreds of heedless men composing the majority were indiscreet enough to act in direct opposition to it. And what has been the result of this rash proceeding? Why, that the sun of England has not yet taken its final exit! Enough has now been stated to show the extraordinary connexion existing between Bogy and the affairs of politics. Let us therefore discontinue our description of him in his political capacity, otherwise it will become a mere summary of public events—a thing entirely foreign to our purpose—nevertheless, it is impossible to refrain from citing his last imposing character in this department,—“The fearful crisis.” Day after day were we told by the diurnal effusions of political information, that the fearful crisis “had arrived!”—Here was intelligence to provoke gnawing and gnashing of teeth—here was a diabolical attack of newspaper artillery against the nervous system! In short, it was an atrocious attempt “to fright the isle from its propriety.” After waiting, then, in dread suspense and fretful anxiety, for several days, fully expecting to witness the horrors of a national catastrophe, we

were relieved from such terrific apprehensions by ascertaining that the devastating combustible was nothing else than a harmless rattle, occasioned by the crazy vehicle of radical enthusiasm passing over the firm, unbroken road of constitutional strata, where, through the too great velocity of its motion, it ultimately upset. With these observations we conclude our description of Bogy's terrestrial characters; it now only remains for us to make a slight allusion to his grand celestial one—the Comet! In reference to this fiery-tailed representative of ever-restless Bogyism a great deal might be said, but it is sufficient for our purpose to state that his re-appearance has excited the fears and misgivings of superstitious humanity to no inconsiderable extent—indeed, the most alarming anticipations have been formed with regard to the future. Whatever, then, may arise in the course of time through any instrumentality on his part, one thing is earnestly to be hoped—that nothing will induce him to wag his scorching tail too near the Thames, otherwise he might solve a problem which has not yet been determined—the practicability of setting that noble river on fire.

But let us, like true philosophers, calmly await the consequences of his visitation, and leave to half-cracked astrologers and nativity-cast-mongers the luxury of meditating on their own gloomy predictions. Having now finished our outline of Bogy's transcendent greatness, it is but right, ere we conclude, to make mention of the foul rebellion, or rather intellectual conspiracy, which has for a considerable time existed against his omnipotent sovereignty.

The chief conspirator is the celebrated "Schoolmaster," who has long been "abroad," and who may be considered as the head of a philosophic band, who are daily enlightening the darkest verges of England.

The movement of this powerful combination is denominated the "march of intellect." The object is the extermination of Bogyism, by laying siege to the strong holds it possesses over the ignorance and fears of an illiterate society. But such-like insurrections against the power of our hero are fruitless,—he is invulnerable, and cannot be destroyed,—in one word, he will endure till time shall be no more.

G. J.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

The following Scene is selected from an unpublished Tragedy in 5 Acts, entitled "Francisco," written by Jacob Jones, Esq., Barrister at Law, Author of "Longinus," a Tragedy; "The Anglo-Polish Harp," and various other works.

ACT I. SCENE III.

(*The Pavilion of Francisco—his levee crowded by Moorish chiefs and other attendants.—Salutes of martial music, &c. &c.*)

Fran.—Bring in this hair-brain'd spark; this flash of fire;
[*Some Attendants go out.*]

This raw night-rider, whom his Dotard sent
To treat us in our sleep, to taste his steel,
And singe our beards, and smoke us in our hive!
I pant to see this pattern—fetch him forth.

Re-enter Attendants with Claudio, in chains.

Dissemble we! (*Aside.*) Our greetings, stripling sir!
We honour you in this that you are brave,
Though on ourselves, you long'd to prove no less.

Clau.—Woe was the hour we fail'd, and ye escap'd!

Fran.—You venture, sir!—address you to your case,
Think of your bonds, and of your parents lost,
Your friends, and your protectors, and your kin.
For all your sakes, consider while you may,
Can no accommodation be devis'd?
No honourable yielding to our arms?

Start not—but think you of your heaps of slain!

Clau.—I am familiar with no heaps of slain,
Save the red heaps, unburied, of the camp,
When we've roll'd back your spring-tides of assault,
Or wrought outrageous sallies to your harm.

Fran.—Your strongest points are tottering to their fall.

Clau.—Each is so strong, we know no strongest there,
Not in defence,—how find you in assault?

Fran.—We have your secret, boaster; though your sire
Count us so weak to take us by surprise;—
He looks for succours!—(*Abruptly.*)

Clau. Soldiers such as he,
So wary, so experienc'd, so profound,
Trust not in may-be succours, but rely
On their own sole resources—so doth he.

Fran.—Utters he truth? or has the devil's dam—(*Aside*)
Given him the suck that rear'd the king of lies?—(*Muses.*)

1st Chief.—You are expert, young Christian, to evade,
And give your betters—ay, your victors, pause.

Clau.—Grant you my captors, not my betters, Moor!

Fran.—Hear me—time wears, and mightier matters press—
Choose, now, or life or death, for all you love!
Scan you this proud array?—not one is here
But, at my nod, would tap your life's last drop,
And throw your bones a picking to my dogs!
You have a father, deadly in our eye;
A mother, too, both idolized by you—
Both idolizing, both proscrib'd by us:
With you it lies to save them, and with you
To seal their fate, if't please you, and your own!
Pledge us your Christian oath, your soldier's name,
Leave us your word of honour, as a pawn
You will induce them to surrender;—then
We loose your chains, and trust you, sir, at large.

Clau.—Dost trace submission graven on my brow?
And selfish fear, that plots a parent's fall?
Thou dard'st, all brave and reckless as thou art,
Attempt the son,—ignoble man of blood!—
With such a bribe his aged father's shame?

Fran.—Be, then, their murderer!

Clau. Their murderer!—(*Contemptuously*)
If I should do thy bidding and prevail,
Then should I be their murderer indeed;
Killing their good name thro' the times to come!

Fran.—Chiefs! do ye hear?—(*Furiously*)—A Mars!—(*Ironically*)

Chief. A Mars!

Clau. A man!

Fran.—You two shall be our heralds; valiant swain!
Truly, your parents' eyes will wink for joy,
Reading the book of these unrugged brows!

Clau.—Jibe on, you waste your breath!

Fran. Swift to their haunt,
You den of thieves.

Clau. A hive of honest men!

Fran.—Peace?—and, in brief,—“if before set of sun,
To-morrow eve, ye open not your gates,
To-morrow eve, your son shall close his eyes
In cruellest death, his blood be on your heads!” (*Exeunt two Chiefs.*)

Clau.—Is there no sound to chafe you to the deed,
And spur the slow-paced malice of your soul?
Oh! call them back—I would, a thousand times,
’Twas done, ’twas over, past reprieve, or change,
Than my poor parents, wretch! should be assail’d,
(God’s pity on them and his strong support!)
With horrible suspense, and throes of hell.
Strike, miscreant! strike—strike, coward hearts! not men!
Ye gang of infidels, blasphemers, knaves!
Loose me, I’ll pluck your beards; alas! alas!
My mother’s shrieks, my father’s rolling eyes!
Kind renegade! stab me to the heart.

Fran.—Ha! ha! ha! ha! a renegade, eh?
 I might have wrought the kindness you implore,
 But that to do such kindness to the worm
 Who calls me renegade to my face,
 Sot, were to cheat myself, and rob revenge.
 A renegade, eh? presumptuous thing!
 Thy sire's disgrace, thou image of his groom!

Clau.—What Moor begat thee, renegade! that thou,
 Tho' fathered by a Christian, prov'st a Moor?

Fran.—Hurry him hence, or he will drive me mad,
 And so extort the kindness that he craves;
 Heap chains on chains to crush his spirit down,
 And goad him hourly how his parents feel.
 Bestow him safely—you respect your lives!

(Exeunt Guards with Claudio. The Chiefs and others following.)

Francisco comes forward in disorder, and soliloquises.)

Breath, breath, proud spirit! breath,—nor choke me quite:
 Down, swelling passion! down,—and leave, for shame,
 A conqueror's soul unconquered of a boy! *(With contempt.)*
 The plagues of Egypt settle on her head,
 This witch, this prophetess, that dogg'd our march,
 Like a demoniac starting from the tombs!
 What fatal inspiration sent her forth
 To hail our landing with the croak of doom?
 "When thou art bearded by a Christian youth,
 And call'd a renegade to thy face—
 Then, lost Francisco! then," the maniac cried,
 Calamity impends—defeat, and death!
 'Tis singular as fate—now, like a knell,
 That braggart's taunts are ringing in mine ears.
 What boot my honours, my most high estate,
 My faith abjur'd, and fortune, for the change,
 If this rash boy has summ'd my lease of days,
 And cut me short of paradise on earth?—*(Muses)*
 Last night the moon glar'd fearfully and strange,
 Belted around with circles of pale light,
 Breadth unto breadth succeeding—and the stars
 Made signals through the void—great Nature seem'd
 Electrical with portent; on my mind,
 Crowding prognostication and dire thought!
 But come what may, come whatsoever can—
 All ills in life, or woes beyond the grave—
 The die is cast, and I must on—on—on!
 Out, chill foreboding! Terror-shaking qualms!
 Decision's blight—Ambition! thou alone
 Fill up the mighty compass of my soul!
 Form me a perfect renegade in this,
 To stand absolv'd of every human tie,
 And be stone-dead to pity or remorse.
 Avaunt! away! uneasy whispers, hence!
 Blood me cry—be greatness my reward!

(Exit in a transport of excitement.)

SOPHENE AND SOPHOCLES.—No. V.

SOSTRATES had the preference; Sostrates, the richest and most illustrious citizen in that town. He displayed all his magnificence in behalf of his new guest. It was thus Sosthenes had welcomed and entertained me. Oh! Dymas, to be served by Sophene was the only thing wanting to your glory! But, what am I saying? She served you—but then we were alike ignorant of the fact.

Rhodope, the daughter of Sostrates, had a thousand charms; and she might have been said to be the most perfect beauty upon this earth, had Sophene been dead. But let the graces of her beauty be ever so shining, the endowments of her heart eclipsed them. I invariably and silently listened to her with admiration; but my heart did not share in the ravishment of my eyes. She was Venus—but she was not Sophene. Love, thou knowest that Sophene was still present to my mind: I never ceased to mourn her irreparable loss!

The diversions they procured for Dymas gave me some leisure moments: I made use of them to yield myself up to the dismal sorrow that preyed upon me. One day, that I thought I was alone in Sostrates's garden, I gave vent to my sorrow. "I said, 'Gods! are you not satisfied yet? Must your revenge be eternal as yourselves? Wretch that I am, my 'sensibility' increases with my afflictions! How much I envy the fate of those who suffer without expecting an end to their woes! The 'fallacious hope' that seduces me is a thousand times more cruel than the dark certainty of despair!'"

Rhodope was then watching: she had heard my mournful exclamations—my deep-felt lamentations. They found their way to her sensible and affectionate heart. She called to me. I had preserved that ingenuous look, the index of a generous birth, that even fortune cannot blot out. I came up to, and asked her, what she desired of an unfortunate man, that fate had reduced to the impossibility of serving her.

"Tacita," said she, to me (for this was the name I had taken with my slavery), "it is not difficult to guess, upon seeing you, that you are in a condition altogether unworthy of you; and if I do not deceive myself, 'slavery' is not the greatest of your griefs. I offer you all the relief in my power."

"Generous Rhodope," answered I, "it is quite natural for 'benevolent hearts' to compassionate the unhappy. This is the reason that draws your pity upon me. I know how truly valuable it is; but I feel, also, that I do not deserve it—nor can I make use of it. The gods—whose image you are; the gods—if they have yet something left to do for you—will reward your kindness! I do not dare intreat them for it; my vows might prove fatal to you."

I could not refrain from—tears. I wished to withdraw; and reproached myself with having indulged in a conversation in which

Sophene had taken no part. Rhodope stopped me. "Had I," said she, "the might of those gods whose image you say I am, you should be free, or happy at least." "Alas!" said I, "the first is indifferent to me—the other impossible." "Then," added she, "you make too little of my power." "No," was my reply; "but were you a god, what could you effectuate alone against the will of all the other powers on high against you?" "Tacita," pursued she, "do you think your misfortunes past recovery? That is an 'error' common to such as labour under adverse fortune. Inform me of all your mischances. I know not whether my concern for you deceives me; but I could almost assure you they will end sooner than you expect, and that I shall have a hand in it." "Oh, Rhodope!" cried I, hurried away by an invincible charm, "I can deny you nothing. It will cost me many a bitter tear—life, perhaps; but you shall be obeyed."

Rhodope lent a "patient ear" to the relation of my adventurous misfortunes. Though her beauty was so transcendent, she seemed jealous of that I had ascribed to Sophene, and looked upon what I had told her concerning it as an exaggeration from an infuriated lover. "But," added I, "all that I can urge to enforce the truth of what I have said is to no purpose—it cannot be proved—Sophene is no more!"

My spirits were exhausted by the constraint and the pain they had sustained so long; a cloud overspread my eyes—I fainted away. Rhodope called for help! They bore me to the bed of Dymas. "Tacita," said she, "shall I be the occasion of your death?" She wiped my "flowing tears" away; she laid her hand upon my *heart* to revive it. Tears trickled down her cheeks. I came to myself again; but, unable to bear the light, I lost my senses a second time. Something more powerful than Rhodope's hand relieved me anew—I heard a voice that struck my heart! I thought I recollected it; I cast my tearful and dim eyes about me—I fixed them upon a young slave named Sylla, eager to assist Rhodope, who had fallen into a swoon. Except some alteration in her features, some paleness, an incommunicable melancholy spread over her face, I found that she perfectly resembled Sophene. It was she!—I could no longer doubt it. Deceitful idea!—it lasted but a moment. I upbraided mine own eyes with their imposture; and that phantom and torturing pleasure which had so lately charmed me, seemed nothing but an error the gods were pleased to lead me into.

The slaves of Rhodope had carried off their mistress. Dymas came in. I was alone—discomposed and dejected; but that man, whose natural haughtiness had received an increase by the honours conferred on him, did not stoop so low as to look at me—he took notice of nothing.

When I was permitted to step again into the garden, I began leisurely to meditate upon what had befallen me: I durst not, nor was I anxious to dive into Rhodope's sentiments. That which is not the object of our desires affords us neither fear nor hope: I was so unhappy that I could neither appear to be so—nor be so.

The slave I had seen still returned to my mind. I was vexed with myself for thinking of her; and I could not account for, nor could I help it. I asked myself, what Sylla had in common with Sophene, and

by what foolish conceit a chimerical happiness could alleviate a real misfortune? But it was in vain that I put the question to myself. I did not consult my reason; I was afraid lest it should tend to dissipate an error too dear to me to renounce it. It was more natural for me to apply for advice to my stricken and tumultuous heart. In the mean time, I was not pleased or at all satisfied with its vacillation and wavering. I knew no more what to trust to. And, in fine, my "reason" got the better of it, and I was ashamed of my boundless credulity. "No," said I, "Sophene lives no more! My mind, still bent upon her image, was deluded by a mere shadow of her bright and beautiful features. The gods would not have drawn her out from the abyss of the sea to plunge her into slavery; they would have carried her to Aurycone, and there have restored her to the burning and bitter tears of Parthia. Sophene is dead!" continued I. "Heaven is too sparing of its miracles to operate so great a one in my favour as to restore my lost Sophene—I must think only of mourning for her death!"

Rhodope did not leave me long unacquainted with my having pleased her. Could I be prepared for that new caprice of the god of love? Cruel deity, what a flame thou hast lighted up in her bosom! Hast thou no pleasure but in making mortals wretched? Rhodope, you love a slave—an ingrate. Alas! you deserved a better fate, a happier and a brighter destiny! Overjoyed that my birth answered an imaginary merit I owed only to her favourable prejudices, she flattered herself that the remembrance of Sophene could not make any stand against her beauty, and the proffers both of her hand and heart—she saw no obstacle to the development and speedy consummation of her passion. She sought after me most diligently, and would have me know it. I avoided her. She was amiable; but the slightest diversion from my "weariness of life"—my inconsolable affliction—the melancholy religion of my lacerated heart—seemed but a crime to me, and acted upon my *mind* like forked lightnings upon the raging surface of ocean's immeasurable depths and caverned waters.

She could not check her tender impatience any longer. She wrote to me. Sylla was commissioned to bring her letter. "Sophocles," said she to me, at the moment when she delivered it, "my mistress, Rhodope, wishes you joy!" "What sound was that? What new vision is this? O, heaven!" I said, "do the deceased live again? Sophene!—is it you?" And what other but Sophocles could call Sophene by her mother's name? What other could work in my heart such a delicious impression? Which is the god that thus restores you to my love?" Rhodope did not give her leisure to answer. She saw us, and could not withstand the pleasure of conversing with me. She took delight in saying to herself that I had read her letter—that I must know she loved me—that I could not but share in her transports. She now came up to us. Her presence gave us pain. We quickly exchanged our joy for surprise. She took notice of our discomposure—she looked upon us, and stood amazed! Her eyes glistened with masculine wrath! Sophene, by an admirable presence of mind, relieved us from so embarrassing a situation. "You are astonished at this seemingly sudden acquaintance, [and at our mutual agitation,"

quoth she; "but you will pity us when you are made acquainted with the cause of it. Sophocles is my brother! Separated from one another by the rigour of fate, we had not even hoped to meet one another again—so seemingly improbable did it appear to either of us. But, alas! indulge our tears, and partake of our unutterable sorrow. The condition we are both in embitters our pleasures, which otherwise would be entirely pure!"

Rhodope relented—her suspicions vanished—she congratulated me upon having been restored to so charming a sister, and, as she did not question but the hope of her liberty would impel Sylla to favour the love she bore towards me, she heaped caresses upon her in a remarkable degree. Sophene dissembled, and promised every thing. Their conversation was long. I did not hear it; they were not within the reach of my hearing. I only perceived them at a distance.

How handsome they were both! Sophene could not take offence at it;—nobody but myself could make any distinction between them. A beautiful girl in love is easily discovered by appearances. Rhodope conceived that her happiness was at hand. Contentment and self-complacency increased her peerless charms. She looked into my eyes for some "passionate glances" which might betray her conquest—she could find none. She inclined to complain of it: a reminiscent sense of modesty checked her—she suddenly departed, and left us by ourselves.

I pressed my own Sophene to my tumultuous breast with exquisite ardour. "Do I see—do I embrace my Sophene?" I cried. "Is it my life, my soul's true happiness? I had thought you lost to me for ever, Sophene; and now I find, to my full delight, that you live—even to bless Sophocles!"

The warmest transports of the fondest lovers surpassed not ours—they never could have equalled them! When we had given vent to the first raptures of our joy, I intreated Sophene to tell me by what fortuitous and happy means she had escaped from the raging sea, and how she had become a slave in the house of Sostrates. "I will satisfy you," answered the benevolent Sophene. "Do you remember that, though we were too much taken up with the pleasure of making a soft exchange of our tender sentiments—when we set sail for Eurycone—to heed what passed above us, we could not but take notice of a young sailor on board of our vessel. Though he was in rags—though his dishevelled hair hung loosely upon his shoulders and shaded a part of his face, the paleness of it, joined to his sad looks, that did not impair the regularity of his features, announced a dejected but sensible soul, and a youth born in a condition far above his station. Whether there be a sympathy between noble souls, or whether misfortune recommends to feeling hearts a sweet and consoling sympathy—I pitied him. He, on his side, guessed who we were; and I am bound to say, that either some attracting graces in me—my youth—or the rigours of fate that condemned me to lose my life—moved him to compassion: he appeared eager to offer himself to throw me into the deep, only to plunge to rescue—or to perish with me. Indeed, he did not quit my girdle, but kept me above water; and as the storm subsided immediately after the sea had received its victim, the wind served only to convey us in safety to this not far distant coast, where we landed. When I had recovered

from the hardships both of mind and body we had undergone, and found again my revived, my restored senses, I expressed to my deliverer my thankfulness rather by the eloquence of mine eyes than by words from my mouth. 'May,' said I, 'the gods who have endowed you with all their benevolence, and all the courage that can glow in the breast of man, take upon them the just reward due to your magnanimity!' 'What I did,' answered Antonii, 'another, in all probability, would have surpassed. There can be no merit in laying down—to save yours—a life which is nothing to me but a very bitter portion. The inward pleasure I feel in having snatched from the arms of death so perfect a pattern of beauty, is the only one I have enjoyed for a long time past.' 'But,' said I, 'will you deny me a relation of your misfortunes? Some times we find help from such as we think the least able to afford it.'

"'Love,' replied he, 'and the injustice of a father who, at first, had encouraged and smiled upon the affection that, from our childhood, his daughter Isaline and I had shown for one another. That inclination grew up with us; it took deep root from habit, and turned into love. We were hardly sensible of it—so perfectly happy had we been till then. But in spite of his formal promises—in a word, at the time when the articles of our marriage were already entered upon—when we thought the union between the two families was on the point of being for ever cemented by ours, he broke at once his engagements and our hearts, through pride and avarice; for all the advantages my rival can boast of over me consist only in a greater fortune, and in a station of life superior to mine. But does the happiness of it depend on such trifling considerations, that most commonly have more brilliancy than solidity in them?

"'However, though Isaline was a most dutiful child to him, she could not be induced to lay aside her tenderest engagements, that had received the seal of the paternal sanction, and she pledged her veracity rather to live single than to give her hand to any other man but me. I was at first cast down; but, spirited up by her words, I betook myself to traffic, in order to make up by my labour what fortune had denied me. She seemed at first to favour my endeavours, when, by a fatal meeting with pirates, I was stripped of every thing I had laid up—and of my liberty. A second sea-fight has chained me to your fate, and I have been but an instrument in the hands of the gods to preserve a life which, I foresee, is pre-determined to a glorious destiny!' Thus spake Antonii.

"We became soon after the property of Sostrates; and soon growing sensible of his having taken a liking to me, and some jealousy towards Antonii, on account of the good intelligence betwixt us, I laid open to him the obligations I was under to that young man. It occurred that, either out of love or exalted benevolence, or perhaps prompted by those united powerful excitements, he went out, and visited Aones, the father of Isaline, who inhabited a small city in his vicinage. The youth whom the latter had made choice of for his son-in-law being just dead, it was not difficult for Sostrates to succeed in renewing the match, formerly projected between these young people; and so much the less, as his credit and generosity afforded Antonii

an unexceptionable situation in life. In brief, they are now united, and incomparably happy; and I do not question but love, who seems to be pleased to make us amends for the woes he has made us suffer, will soon reward our constancy by binding fast the indissoluble ties of our so-long-wished-for union."

Now that I have told you how unexpectedly I was rescued, let us think on the same means of shaking off our present chains. Do you begin by feigning to love Rhodope: humour an inclination that may turn out useful to us: do not love her—but let her believe that you do. The gods will order the remainder. What you say is true; but be mindful that necessity acknowledges no law; and since happiness depends upon it, you must of course behave to her as I shall behave to Sostrates. "But does Sostrates love you indeed, and in truth?" said I. "How much I fear the consequences of that passion! How powerful a master is Virtue's slave! You are his—" "You frighten me even unto death, Sophocles!" continued she, energetically, "why should we suffer green-eyed jealousy to rob us of all we love and value on earth? I am not afraid of Rhodope—and you have nothing to fear from Sostrates." As we were in danger of being taken unawares, we then broke off our discourse. One good fortune comes upon the back of another. This very day I found Imlacca again. Our joy was equal to our surprise—love did not rob friendship of its raptures—we related to each other our mutual distresses—he inquired anxiously of me whether I had written to Temistheus: "No," said I, "I had lost Sophene—all my thoughts were irreconcilably bent on death. It is but to-day that we have met again." He was stunned at my speech; he had thought that Sophene's loss had distracted my mind—he strove to comfort me—I undeceived him. "No, dear Imlacca, no; Sophene is not dead—but she is a slave—make haste—go, and tell our parents that we are indeed living—but under slavery." He promised to work a speedy reconciliation among our common relations, and to engage them to come and redeem us, and after the tenderest and most sincere protestations as from two friends united by sympathy and virtue, we separated.

I could no longer live without Sophene; I looked for her everywhere; I lost no opportunity of speaking to her. The confidence that Rhodophe reposed in us, the various occupations of Sostrates—obliged to go abroad with Dymas—permitted our seeing each other often. Nevertheless, Sophene told me that we ought to behave more prudently: I felt that she was wise, discreet, and discerning: but prudence is seldom the attendant of love, and her "reason" did not prevent her from remaining in my company. The ease of the heart sharpens the natural wit of the understanding: we enjoyed those delicious interviews, the value of which is only known to lovers. I acquainted her with what had passed between Imlacca and me. Hope rendered us forgetful of our bondage; we thought we were free already. The appeased gods made us feel beforehand, and in all their peerless purity, the delicious sweets, they were at this time preparing for us.

Sometimes we spoke of Rhodope. Sophene imparted to me the engaging things he said to her, as from me; we reproached ourselves with our deceits—and, moreover, fabricated new ones. If I plundered a thrilling kiss from her—and I often did—she would softly inquire

whether I would have her convey it to Rhodope? "Yes," I said, pressing her to my stormy bosom; "and would she kiss me in return for my theft? I can refuse nothing to her ambassadress." "No," answered she, making her escape; "my instructions do not go so far." I had not read her letter, I had not even unsealed it. Sophene desired to see and peruse it—of consequence, I readily complied. I was full of hope, wishes, and sensibilities. It had passion in it; but it was expressed with dignity, in such a way, that the most scrupulous observer of decency would at once have admired and blamed at the same time. To Sophene, I observed, "Rhodope might choose among the most illustrious Greeks, and make the happiness of him whom she should prefer. Perhaps, I am the only one that cannot love her, at the same time that I am the only one she loves. O Rhodope! how much I pity you!"

She was listening to us. How shall I describe her grief—her indignation—her jealousy? "Tacita," said she, "the gods were just towards you: you deserve but to be a slave—fear my wrath: but, indeed, to glut my revenge, I have nothing to do but to abandon you to your fate. Ungrateful pair! I will render your chains heavy upon you, and separate you from one another; No, you shall not enjoy together the ineffectual satisfaction of laughing at my weakness. I will listen to nothing but hatred; and, if possible, make you as unhappy as you have rendered me despicable in mine own eyes!"

"Generous Rhodope!" I exclaimed, falling on my knees, "we shall not think of excuses," and taking from my breast the picture of Sophene, which I had worn near my heart, since the moment I thought I had lost her for ever! "that picture declares my possession of her, long before I met you. I had looked into the eyes of my own dear Sophene, long, long ere I heard your name for the first time. Our ties are sacred; if we are guilty, love made us so. He alone can sue for our pardon: you can either destroy or save us. The less we are worthy of your forgiveness, the more glorious it will be for you to forgive us; to grant us pardon; to give us happiness, by insuring to us our liberty and peace. Know ye not, Rhodope, that it is the glory of human nature—of august or abject mortality—to pass by an offence? It is a most holy and reverend maxim, and worthy of all praise, as it is no less deserving the most catholic practice. The gods have been pleased to unite us once more; make an end, I implore thee, of what they have so bountifully commanded—render us happy." Sophene's silence bespoke the perplexity of her mind; at the same time that her eyes directed, by turns, upon her picture and upon me, expressed her tender regard and secret gratitude for the value I set upon, and the care I had taken of it.

Rhodope did not say a word, she seemed to behold our tears unmoved; we expected, in a mortal agony, a sentence upon which depended our life or death; she went away without passing it upon us.

Imlacca did not return; we had but one day more to stay at Artycome. Had Rhodope only said a word to Sostrates, we had been utterly undone; but she comported herself in a different manner; we never met afterwards with a more zealous protectress. O Rhodope! may I cease to be loved by Sophene, if I lose the delightful recollection of your kindness!

We drew near the time of our deliverance. It took place when we

thought it at the greatest distance from us. The solemn sacrifice that was to terminate the ministry and honours of Dymas, was almost completed; he was to return to depart, I was going with him. Sophene would have been lost to me. When the ceremony was almost at an end, on a sudden we heard the cries of two anxious mothers, loudly calling on their children. It was Dianthea and Panthia. They moved every one present to compassion. And Sosthenes and Theonisteus drew near the altar. "People of Artycome, here solemnly assembled," said my father, raising his voice, "Sostrates and Dymas are daring enough to retain their fellow-citizens in ignominious slavery. Do not suffer the prerogatives of the Greek nation to be so shamefully infringed; and you, minister of Apollo, order him to be delivered up to us."

Sostrates willingly complied; but Dymas urged in his behalf, the right of war that had rendered him my master. He refused to restore me to liberty. Aided by his friends who joined him, he prepared himself to force me out of the sanctuary, where I had taken refuge. The people opposed him, the temple resounded with the noise of confused voices. Discord agitated every mind: injustice was on the point of triumphing. The high priest was not able to appease the tumult. He made a sign with his hand that he wished to speak. Hardly was he listened to. At length, respect for his character got the better of passion—all was hushed—a stilly and prophetic silence reigned throughout the holy sanctuary. "A Greek," said he, "cannot be a slave in his own country: such are our laws. However, if Dymas will not abide by my decision, great Apollo, let him know thy supreme will." He then ascended, with venerable steps, the tremendous tripod: his reason became troubled—his looks grew wild—his body fell into convulsions, and full of divine madness which inspired him, he delivered this oracle or sentence. "Let Sophene and Sophocles be made free; let them be restored to Sosthenes and Themisteus." Our destiny was no longer doubtful: we now recovered our vernacular liberty. Dymas darted out of the temple in a rage, and returned to Daphnopolis. At the name of Sosthenes, Sostrates remembered that their fathers had been united by the sacred ties of hospitality. He kindly complained of our having hidden our birth from him. We embraced our parents and friends. A delightfully pleasing reconciliation took place, and universal peace was established. The people gradually withdrew from the solemn aisles of the temple. The high priest, with his usual benevolence and affectionate regard for his people, would have us go to his house; we joyfully accepted the venerable man's invitation. When the first raptures of our joy and gladness were in some measure abated, the discourse turned upon our adventures; we were desired to give an account of them; I did not require to be urged, and accordingly resuming them from my first departure from Eurycome, afforded their impatient curiosity ample satisfaction.

Sophene, alone, could make up what was deficient in the narrative. Our silence convinced her that we expected she should continue and finish the narration. She was sensible of its being out of her power to dispense with it; but timidity kept Sophene in suspense. "Dear Sophene! Sosthenes observed her disinclination to comply, and cast upon her a look that had something in it of pleasure mixed with reproach, and

although it increased her troubles, in spite of her fearfulness, she was persuaded by the mild and gentle wishes of her "friends and dear relations," to repeat the narrative she had given me, to which Sophene, very sensibly added some particulars that she had left untold, in the warmth and excitement consequent on our first meeting. They were as follow:—

"After having swam some time, we landed on a desert shore, where we remained some days. I must not forget that, being one night weary, and so falling into a sound sleep, a winged child came and sat by me. I well recollected the darling stranger; it was Love. 'Cruel author of my pains,' I said, 'wilt thou expose me to new misfortunes? Have I not suffered enough? Why do you not suffer me to die?' 'Sophene,' answered he, 'your distresses come from fate; it knows no power above itself, and my reign extends only over the hearts. You shall find your Sophocles again.' It flew away: I awoke, and mistrusting his prediction, I continued in the same state of dejection. We were expecting nothing but death, when a vessel appeared in the distance, and shortly drew near the shore. We kept our anxious eyes fixed upon the shallop, and lifted up our hands to heaven in a paroxysm of fervent gratitude. The crew had discerned us, for they presently came to our assistance. They were wretches that, with much ado, had escaped from the tempest's dreadful wrath, during which the music of the spheres conspired to chaunt a new and glorious hymn of wondrous thunder-praise, to the holy god of nature; illumined as it was—peal after peal—by the brilliant flashes of the quick cross lightning's elementary panoply, which had the effect of inspiring every one who beheld that awful occurrence, with incommunicable dread—with a heart-felt conviction, that whilst heaven can protect, the gods can also avenge—what an affecting scene! A particular account of it, I will spare you. The excess of their misery did not hinder them from feeling for us: not satisfied with supplying us with some coarse vestments half-worn out, they gave us some scraps they had left: which they had scarcely finished, when pirates, or in other words wild beasts, attacked them. What resistance were they capable of? Their death followed close upon their slavery.

"Those degraded and degrading Ethiopians, whose remembrance frightens me yet, spared only my deliverer and me. They carried us to Artycome. Sostrates saw me crowned with laurel, when I went out of the fountain of Minerva. He bought me to attend his daughters, and kept Andomedon for himself. I found in his house the end of my miseries. Charming Rhodope! I will never be unmindful of your kindness, as my mistress; you did restore me to liberty; but you did not set my heart free from the everlasting bonds of gratitude—it still, it ever must love you."

Sophene said nothing more. Sostrates was charmed with her discretion—"And you, also," said he, "you are my daughter." "O my father!" exclaimed Rhodope, taking Sophene about the neck, you give me a dangerous sister—but I love her so well, as not to envy her your tenderness." "Why have I not a son," observed Sosthenes, "to propose for this charming daughter of yours?" "I know no man," replied Sostrates, "so worthy of Rhodope, as Imlacca, Sophocles' friend, unless she has some exception to make against him." While they were busy

iving one another soft and mutual tokens of affection, Rhodope

whispered to me, without being heard by any one—"At least, since my father has adopted Sophene for his daughter, you will give me leave to call you my brother." "With all my anxious heart," I exclaimed, "beautiful Rhodope! Happy man that I am, who shall boast of having such a sister—and such a wife." We thanked the high priest for the important service he had rendered us, and we set out for Artycome.

Sophene insisted upon passing through that place, for the express purpose of trying, a second time, the adventures of the fountain of Minerva: I opposed an experiment that delayed my happiness. She received it kindly, and indulged my wishes; but Sophene was, nevertheless, desirous of having fresh witnesses to her sublime—to her exalted virtue.

Arrived at Artycome, I sent for my dear Imlacca, just recovered from a fit of the ague, that had hindered him from travelling to Daphnopolis. Sostrates put the question to him. Amazed at so happy and unexpected a proposition—he poured out the generous overflowings of his manly and generous heart, in expressions of the most lively and sympathetic gratitude; but before he would accept it, he desired to be assured of Rhodope's acquiescence. She modestly blushed on hearing the communication which was made to her. His marriage was solemnized the same day, in Sosthenes' gardens.

Greece! the lovely, had not seen a spectacle so magnificent: and how long that bright day was to me! How tiresome are feasts for a lover who waits only their end to be happy! "Will not the night come?" I said, softly and tenderly, to Sophene; "shall we never be by ourselves?" Delicious night! thou art over already. If all those that are to follow, shall be like this—gods! I envy not your supreme destiny.

Some months after we returned to Eurycome, and although I had incurred the rigour of the law, by having fallen in love contrary to its formal inhibition, I was, nevertheless, most heartily welcomed there. The citizens held that this involuntary breach of mine had been more than expiated by all the hardships I had endured: thereupon taking this rigorous law into consideration, they wisely and gladly repaled it as unjust. Indeed, for a man whose feeling heart is ever in the right place, is at one and the same time, tender and sensible, to love—is as natural as to breathe. Like the fire that purifies even the most precious metals, the high-born flame, that glows in a delicate spirit, contributes to raise, to the highest degree of perfection and energy, all the virtues it is most commonly endowed with

PICTURES OF PRIDE.

SAINT BRIDE's deep chime proclaims time's vagrant hour,
 And night's dun pall flings sadness o'er the earth :
 Spreading along the sky her dusky power
 And heralding, in gloom, the morning's birth.

The city is not thronged with busy life :
 No echoing footsteps through her arches sound :
 Hushed is the voice of woe, and care, and strife,
 The hoofs of prancing steeds no longer bound.

E'en from my studio—whence I gaze on thee,
 New London!—Mother!—Queen of Intellect !
 Can I behold the Carthage of the free—
 Th' Athens of the brave—and not reflect ?

Reflect on all that was—feuds that have been
 Within thy blood-stain'd walls—thine iron gates :
 Our Alfred and our Henrys :—Mary, as Queen :
 Elizabeth ! at whose name proud glory wakes ?

Yet why recount the gothic and the dark :
 Or, tell of those who were not righteous men :
 Of " truth," our ancestors caught not one spark :
 Nor had they seen Religion's triumph, then.

She holy Matron ! walked in deepest thought ;
 Amid our rude and wild forefathers, blind ;
 Nor she alone—'twas Charity, Faith, brought
 To her aid th' attributes of infant *mind*.

With " mind," upsprung a new and peerless light,
 That still, with smiles undying throughout time ;
 Beams forth its brilliant glories with delight,
 Mantling old nature with her frown sublime.

Whence, rose yon pile, the sanctuary grand,
 For holy—not impenitential priests :
 But such, as guided by Religion's hand,
 Eschew the " world"—flee folly's revel feasts.

Religion weeps ! e'en through that empty aisle,
 Where Pride's rich vestments cover inward glee :
 And Latin impotence is wont to smile,
 At meek-eyed Pity, on contrition's knee.

Nor Odin's monuments, nor Joan's fell disguise,
 In their long past and horrid days of doom :
 Heaped half the troubles on the good and wise,
 As present priestcraft on a nation's tomb.

Yet turn we from the sight—with tears away,
 For soon our country's hopes shall be fulfilled :
 Her destinies secure, she mocks delay :
 The Monarch's madness, who is not self-willed.

Peel might his country save—but *will* he save
 That country Byron loved, and deified ?
 Can pride elate, raise Canning from his grave ?
 Who to Fame's temple climbs without a guide ?

Your Pitt of yesterday was Freedom's fool : }
 Pride's Royal George unlike a king, at best :
 Achilles' self but vain ambitions tool :
 So were your Pompeys—Cæsars, and the rest :

Pride's Attic madmen of the day and hour,
 Without the reasoning faculty, profound :
 Those light-heeled vampyres through the dance of power,
 That make a noise above, not under ground,

Beneath our feet, and in the noiseless grave,
 Those Thebans boast but meretricious names :
 Nor Granta's, nor Oxonia's follies, save
 Their titles and distinctions from the flames.

Yet turn to where the Boatman plies his trade
 Upon the stream of Thames and glory too :
 Under the round Moon's melancholy shade,
 Filling the night-watch with Urania's woe.

All, all is dulness, save his splashing noise,
 Which tends to wake the stilly pause of sleep :
 But his, poor wretch ! are solitary joys :
 He moves, and has his being on the deep.

Darksome and fearful flows that trembling stream,
 As on he wanders to th' eternal main :
 Through yon arched bridge, where Friars once did dream,
 Thence, to far Holland, France, Iberia, Spain.

Above those arches—dark as wears the night—
 Tow'ring aloft, a wood of masts I see :
 Though faint and fainter wanes her sickly light,
 E'en the sad moon, Britannia, smiles on thee.

She's gone ! behind yon cloud, her face sublime
 Doth bide. When Orus' star leads on the dawn,
 Then, all the heraldry of Nature's prime
 Shall guild her argent sphere to man unknown.

Silent as dark, and dark as silent, all :
 'Tis meditation's softest hour of prayer :
 'Tis time to mourn philosophy's dread fall—
 Since *all* we know—is knowledge in despair.

The Sage, the Cynic : they who piled on high
 Babel's proud pyramid—brazen in decay ;
 Those prophets who disgrac'd Assyrias' sky
 By impious daring—all these have passed away.

The Druid Fathers, with their cruel lord
 The bold Barbarian from fair Italy :
 The conquering Persian, whose prophetic words
 Struck terror to thy palmy state, and *thee*—

Imperial Rome ! Gaunt Pride's own sorceress !
 The disembroiling mother of all ill :—
 Ills which are human and of dire distress—
 Of which, methink, thou hast not yet thy fill ?

Doomed as thou art—on seven hills, to be
 The scourge of reason, and the bane of peace,
 With Pride's false cowl, and dark latinity,
 Unborrowed from thine isles, awakened Greece !

Thou wert, aforetime, Pride's empurpled thing—
 While yet the world was young, and sin less fell :
 Ere thou pressed on to conquer, conquering :
 And Delphi lost her oracle and spell.

Where are *her* spirits—brilliant in disguise—
 Those magnificent, god-born men of sense,
 Who followed after Hebrew wisdom, wise :
 Say, muse neglected, Pride's best recompense ?

What says the' Oracle ? List—humph ! no set speech ?
 Then all is lost—except man's vital soul :
 To that essential particle, canst reach ?
 Speak—if thou mightest, wouldst—hadst control ?

Where are your Scipio's gone? whence your Solons, now:
 Brave Troy's prodigious madmen—serfs of pride?
 Fame's Alexander, where? Beneath *thy* brow
 Of knowledge and all other good, beside?

Vain trumpery, all—and fitted for the bad:
 Nor will the sensible and thinking man
 Believe that e'er thou hadst—or ever had
 The power or gift men's destinies to scan.

Sad were the mysteries of Helen's fame—
 As sad, albeit, the fame of Rome appears:
 God of the Bible! alone thou hast a name,—
 Let knowledge wipe away my mental tears:—

Dry up the rivers upon my mind's estate,
 Lest irrigation overwhelm the soil;
 And the dread war of intellect, too late,
 Destroy this being—Pride's untiring coil.

The voice of Nature musing on the breeze:
 This heaven-poised sphere of earth, on which I tread:
 The foliage of the flowers, the plants, the trees,
 They do but tell of pride—the pride that's dead.

Egyptian grandeur, reminiscent still,
 Adorns th' ignorance of Pagan death;
 Jerusalem in her weeds—and Zion's hill,
 Red Calvary, that owns a Saviour's breath.

The Sphynx upon the plain—gigantic tomb!
 Mecca's false shrine, less frantic than of old,
 Impugn base Pride, in mind's illumin'd womb,
 While yet the victims sleep in death, clay-cold.

Wild Asia's tabor, whence? the Doric reed?
 The sounding shell, with music's soft-toned lute?
 The Phyrri dance—Apollo's guilty creed—
 Your demi-gods of horror?—speechless, mute!

Greece lost her intellectual spirits, too,
 When reason reeled, beneath Pride's damning scorn:
 The Stagyrte himself was Pride's great foe—
 Plato, Isocrates, whose sense my verse adorn.

Matchless in Beauty's oriental smiles,
 See, where the queen of loveliness doth hide
 Her scalding tears, from Venice and her isles—
 Suborned and tortured, too, by incest Pride.

See where she drinks—no longer Adria's wine—
But from the chalice Lido fills with glee—
So withered now, and desolate her vine—
Though waveless still the blue Lagoon may be.

'Twas there, or thereabouts, that Foscarani strove
Against his traitor-murderers—who died,
The marvel of his honour and true love—
The victim of her infamy and Pride.

He loved—and was beloved! What more would man?
The Hundred Isles, were nothing in the scales;
With mind to brave and bear,—with soul to scan,
Th' inconstant good of virtue's devious gales.

He wooed a lady—and her name was Love,
True to his passion, all beside—loved not;
She was an angel—spotless as the dove,
Yet pride, like darkness, closed upon their lot.

In vain I write,—if to descant be vain—
Upon the trodden plumes of nodding pride;
The throbblings of my heart have borne the pain,
Like yielding mortals, wrestling with the tide.

The wind is up! pity for those who roam,
Upon life's selfish wilderness, so cold;
Pity for him who quits his Father's home,
In mockery and haste—his Mother, old:

To wander, thoughtless, o'er a prosperous land,
Where hope holds out to industry reward;
And idleness supplies the useless hand,
With nought save infamy's subdued regard.

Pride prompts the million: e'en the village churl
As home he hies him from the play-house throng,
Envies the great, who in their chariots whirl
From square to square—nor to that crowd belong.

Rolls the deep thunder heavily on high?
Answer, speak if thou art not coward man?
Say "yes:"—I hail it with salvation's sigh—
Can truth do more? so teach me if it can?

Falls now the lightning with some quick design!
(Dost *feel* the infliction Nature bade thee feel?)
Spare, spare the pilgrim gray, Father benign,
Turn its course towards the magnetic steel.

What shriek was that I heard? whence came that cry?
 The pause most awful, the effect adverse:
 Lo! where the mariners affrighted fly
 Their burning vessel with Pride's low-born curse.

Hard by the flames forth issuing from that blaze,
 Pride's dismal tower stands: with bolts and bars:
 With dungeons deep as dark. I may not gaze
 Upon that fœtid pile: recount the wars, }

Made for Pride's commensurate death and doom:
 The which our lion King—Cromwell, led on.
 Explore their relics, mark well th' ensanguin'd gloom
 Which vaunts the prowess of Fame's Wellington!

Need we re-tell Pride's executions there?
 Condemn the baseless tenor of its power?
 The war-hounds stirring drum and fife declare
 E'en now Pride's demonstrative hour.

The Lady Jane; those martyrs of our land:
 Rulers and warriors: men of rare estate:
 Have laid upon the block, at Pride's command,
 Devoted heads: and such was woman's fate!

Accursed and perjured Pride—for ever dread—
 Whence came thy trappings, thy deep clanking mail?
 Would'st have me ask the manes of thy dead
 Which hover o'er yon pile with memory's wail?

Am I a man? and does the God of light,
 Of loveliness celestial, grand,—
 Add truth to reason, faithfulness to sight,
 Which bade me read the writing—of His hand?]

'Tis on the wall—I scan—I read it, there!
 Quid novi?—"Gaudet tentamine virtus."
 God of our Fathers! preserve our church,—spare
 Our mother country—Pride's victims, all—and us?

Bursts now the thunder-cloud beneath thy feet,
 Eternal Ruler of the starry realm!
 Thy thunderings and forked lightnings speak:
 That flash hath struck Pride's sea-boy at the helm.

Again it darts, like might with vengeance clothed:
 Now impels it through yon palace gray,
 Where all I loved and those I most have loathed
 Have lived and died, and, haply, passed away.

In that arena, Martyrdom grew pale
 When red Catholicity—Pride's deep-died sin—
 Rode, with his thundering pinions, on the gale,
 And Smithfield heard the Stake's infuriate din :—

When perished Cranmer, and that steadfast man,—
 Who never knelt 'fore Pride's most lep'rous crew—
 (Deny me if ye may—Rome's lettered clan)
 Then Papal dogmas beggared Pride, and you.

And never more—while our fine people pray,
 Shall Heaven let fall its sanction of thy creed ;
 The vast intelligence of mental day,
 Resplendent, flings Truth's brightness o'er Time's speed.

Like Aaron's Rod, the lightning points to thee,
 Worthy and pious man of God, and sense ;
 And thou the ornament of Lambeth's see,
 While I to knowledge have but small pretence.

Would that each minister of heavenly grace
 Possessed the spirit purely sanctified :
 Then might we hope to see Faith's sacred place
 The house of God indeed—the hell of Pride.

E'en while my wakeful eyes—two orbs of light—
 Fix them on objects by the world admired ;
 And Nature fires the tapestry of night—
 My thoughts perchance, may be e'en now inspired :—

Turn we to where the Abbey of our sires
 Lifts up her towers, with solemn grandeur, there,
 While the dumb stars drop wisdom on its spires,
 Above the mighty dead that slumber there.

Thus let me pass St. Stephen's antique door ;
 And pause—to ponder o'er the rugged rhyme :
 Which Pride's tall carved columns long have bore ;
 Forgetful of the sweeping wings of time,

Here—lies a Poet, who sublimed our isles,
 And made them laugh and sing for virtue's sake :
 There—rests a Patriot, lured by Pride's vain smiles,
 Who well preferred the lancet—to the stake.

Below—a Warrior : name it not in Gath :
 My heart doth bleed, and still shall bleed to feel
 What Pride can never *feel*, and mine too often hath—
 A nameless horror of war's trenchant steel.

Here—lies a Senator, whose flowers of speech
 Surpassed old Illium's, Sparta's laurelled head :
 See! where he lies : and that alone should teach
 The living proud to venerate the dead.

Why did he die amid Britannia's woe,
 Ere glory's out-stretched wings illumin'd the skies :
 Ere victory did her silver trumpet blow,
 Making the nations pale. Why did he die ?

"Resurgam." Here sleepeth pure simplicity :
 All beautiful in beauty's vesper guise :
 Pride heard her dying benedictity,
 Ere her wrapt spirit, mounting, kiss'd the skies.

Pride's loud commotion desecrates man's sense ;
 And weak ambition soon neglects a God !
 My heart is fixed—I know the recompense—
 And tread upon your barren, flowerless sod.

'Tis folly, all. E'en Sheba proved the king
 A very coxcomb 'neath wisdom's fading hairs ;
 Why need we modern instances ! I sing
 Of Bible truths—and what most true appears.

Below these time-worn stones, of pond'rous size,
 How many fathers of the parish rest !
 Their epitaphs proclaim them scarcely wise—
 Did they perform humanity's behest ?

Sat they in church and heard their Pastor pray,
 Imploring blessings or averting care ?
 Heard they the silver bells make glad the day,
 And dared their lips respond in mockery there ?

These were no proofs of goodness in disguise,
 No indication of the spirit-*tried* :
 Religion's children are both good and wise,
 Nor are her dictates ever mis-applied.

The stunted artizan, the man of trade,
 The pilgrim, weary of the road he took,
 With each degree of colour and of shade,
 Are they not blazon'd in salvation's book ?

Yet mark, fond man—for hard it is to count
 Upon the souls that life-wrecked are, and found ;
 My heart grows sick—I tremble at death's fount—
 E'en while I meditate on pride's own ground.

Strive then, oh, man, to rear thy crest on high—
 Since sense alone, exalted and refined,
 Can estimate th' essence of a "sigh,"
 Or guide to heaven light's brilliant germ of mind.

Sure, 'tis enough that life should end with earth ;
 What miracle's impossible above ?
 All other thoughts lie smothered in mind's birth—
 Man's second birth of life—supernal love.

In this dense wilderness of shame and guilt,
 In this so ample, unexplored abode,
 Where Poverty secures what crumbs are spilt
 By Riches, on the which its pride had trode :—

In this emporium of a nation's weal,
 This modern Babel of unrighteousness,
 On the Bard's ear the sighs of sorrow steal,
 And the last throes of merit in distress.

The Janus Lawyer—pleader at the bar ;
 The soft-tongued Doctor with his victim pale :
 All these, with many more, Man's interests mar,
 As on he travels through life's chequer'd vale.

The lion-hearted sailor braves the deep :
 The soldier emulates a Picton's fame :
 Your senatorial hireling, sunk to sleep,
 Lists not the patriot tell his country's shame !

Th' unlettered politician, Roman-wise,
 Like Marcus Curtius, down the gulf would leap :
 Alas, for manhood in some clown's disguise !
 Pity for England, when her honour's cheap !

The generous Cit, retired from noise and wealth,
 The honest recompense of hard-earned years :
 Who never draws his purse-strings out by stealth,
 Compared with those, how noble he appears !

Nor Lord, nor Prelate, boast a heart like his :
 They only conjugate the verb "to be ;"
 Higher and higher up th' ascent to bliss,
 Forgetful of thy path, futurity !

Amid the vast turmoil of action here,
 'Tis good to mark e'en Beauty's bosom rise :
 To see, sometimes, the sympathetic tear,
 Pearl the chaste cheek of virtue's liquid eyes.

Life's secret known and kept, enough for man,
 In this low vale probationary still :
 Get wealth—gain honours—wisdom, if you can—
 That mental bulwark 'gainst life's latest ill.

The road to heaven is not through Church or State :
 Nor o'er the fabrics of immortal fame :
 Prayer paves the way—yet pray not when too late,
 Though everlasting mercy be the same.

The dullest eye, the most capacious mind,
 See not the radii of our Maker's love :
 Nor pierce that God-lit *INFLUENCE*, undefined—
 Pervading *Essence* ! Great First Cause ! above.

The spirit's home is not on earth below :
 Behind yon blazing sphere, beyond the skies :
 Faith's realm of hope, which earth-born cannot know—
 There, there it blooms, immortal !—here, it dies.

Untiring Nature hath not dreamt of rest :
 Her labours never ending, still begun :
 If man could gaze on regions of the blest,
 And measure out the glory of the sun :—

Could he, with listless aim, survey whole worlds,
 And laugh to scorn the mimic might of man ;
 Could he controul those bolts the Godhead hurls,
 And bridge the ocean with his puny span :—

Or ride upon the whirlwind of the storm :
 And grasp the " Rainbow " of divine import :
 Then *see* himself, but sin's most abject worm,
 Struggling through evil and through good report :—

Still onward flee, where morning's golden gates
 Obey the mandate of an angel's key
 (While doomed sin its crime still expiates)]
 'Neath the vast portals of eternity :—

Then, with unerring blow, might he propel
 The sluices wide of ocean's boiling breast :
 Now look, with horror, on the pangs of hell—
 The vengeance and the doom of Satan's crest :—

How might he then desire to swell the hymn
 Creation's spirit never ceased to breathe !
 Mistake his God for winged cherubim,
 And heaven-lit Majesty for Truth's bright wreath.

Then, in his pride of ignorance, behold
 The shadow only of his Maker's face ;
 So gaze—alone, on Time's dread wreck, untold :
 Those flaming worlds, our Newton failed to trace !

Descending thence, on earth, new life begins :
 While Death but counts his shafts, already driven :
 Abjuring now—though late—all meaner things :—
 Pardon and joy welcome his faith to—Heaven.

Anno Dom. 1836.

T. H. C.

OFF THE CAPE.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF DANIELL'S CELEBRATED PICTURE, "OFF THE CAPE,
 A MAN OVERBOARD."

ABOARD H. C. S. M—— E——, 1829.

SUNSET in the broad and rolling Indian Ocean ; lat. 28° . S. long. $62\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ E. Picture to yourself, kind reader, a boundless waste of waters ;—a world of silence, awe, and soul-overpowering magnificence ;—liquid plains of scopeless and ever-changing green, heaving in gigantic majesty beneath the broad, o'erarching canopy of heaven.

Where is the boundary of this godlike dominion ? Expanding in "never ending, still beginning" continuity—unmarked by the petty traces of animated nature—unbridled, untransformed by the labours of humanity, it stands apart in sullen and inhospitable dignity, and laughs at the Lilliputian arts by which mankind has rendered the face of the less unyielding earth subservient to his wants, his wishes, and his pride. There is something nobly constant in the ocean. Ages fleet away, but they work no alteration upon its aspect. Thrones, empires are overturned ; races of mankind become extinguished ; that seemingly calculated for eternity, yields, at last, to the universal fiat ; the structure of "the great globe itself," undergoes vast and total alteration ; but Time, the conqueror of all, finds himself baffled when he seeks to establish an authority over the unbending waters.

"And writes no wrinkle on their azure brow !"

Such as it rolled when the command of omnipotence curbed its sullen and inimical dominion—prescribed *that* bounds which hitherto had ranged in unchallenged sovereignty, and from its briny and reluctant bosom, bade a world arise for the subsistence and habitation of a race of new and superior beings ; such as it rose on the first great day of an immortal creation, still is it now, and shall be. All have gazed upon the self-same features. The first navigator, who thrust forth his adventurous skiff to tempt the greatness of dangers hitherto unconceived, propelled it on the self-same surface. To Jason and his companion Argonauts, to Agamemnon and his brother chieftains, to

Æneas, to *Ulysses*, *Xerxes*, *Themistocles*, *Lysander*, *Conon*, and *Alexander*, the Roman admirals, the northern sea kings, the Genoese and Venetian traders, the discoverers of the New World, and to the eyes of our modern navigators, it ever presented and presents the self-same countenance. Every thing changes—but the ocean never changes. Every thing is silently fulfilling the grand provision of nature, gradual dissolution and regeneration; but the ocean is subject neither to dissolution nor perceptible regeneration. While all is one wide theatre of decay, the ocean flows ever on unchanged, unchangeable, and everlasting, and bids successful defiance to that at which every other object of sense is made to tremble.

Prodigious dominion! the overburthened mind seeks in vain to comprehend the greatness of its attributes. What a perception of expanse sweeps over the soul, as we gaze upon its glittering and illimitable bosom. Sea and sky are now the only objects of sight. The one, baffling the industrious researches of imagination; the other, presenting the most lively image of eternity, with which the perceptive capacity is capable of grappling. Our vision no longer

“Cabin’d, cribb’d, confin’d, bound in—”

with the sight of land, though merely bearing the dim and distant shape of the grey and long drawn line, verging upon, and almost blended with the spirit-like mistiness of the dreamy horizon, flits in freedom over

“The Sea, the sea, the *open* sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free—”

and catches a portion of the elevation which surrounds it. The breeze, strong, though somewhat unsteady, fills the towering pyramid of white above us, and bears us gaily onward.—Away,—away,—stretching abroad in every direction, as far as the eye can reach;—sublime in the nearer distance—dubious, yet grand afar, sweep, one after the other, the gigantic undulations which vary the mighty surface upon which we so securely float. Green—intensely green—darkening into the most imposing shadows as the waves wheel into depth, mounting again into the broad and searching light of the open day, revolve majestically the piles of water around. Look up, and glance along the breadth of distance—breaking into the thousand hues which flash from the core of the diamond; widening into a belt of dazzling gold; condensing into the most starlike scintillations; starting up spires of arrowy light, now green, now orange, and now the richest crimson, glitters that portion of the ocean beneath the point of the sun’s most glorious delineation. Who could paint the glories of such a sunset? A scene at which the artist would throw down his pencils, and the poet abandon his vocabulary in despair. No! such revelations of the loveliness of nature must be *witnessed* to be fully appreciated.

And then the sky.—Azure above;—mist in the east;—and in the west, an assemblage of the richest lights. Colossal cloud-piles, spires of brilliancy, here shooting up in gorgeous solitude, there grouped like the *aiguilles* of the Alpine ranges; and boldly printed upon a back-ground of gold and scarlet. Alas, that the beauties of such a view should be transitory. Whilst we write, the sun sinks down; the clouds become

more faintly etched ; the red fades into obscurity, and successive stratas of upcreeping sea-mists, like the gauze clouds of a theatre, become denser and denser, till a scene on which a volume might have been expended, becomes gradually shut from our lingering view,

“ And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leaves not a rack behind.”

But the increase of the wind warns us, instead of looking abroad for objects on which to banquet the eye, to pay some attention to measures become necessary through the change of weather. And how soon is the loveliness of a peaceful sunset transformed into the stern indications of an approaching squall. The ocean life is the most of all subject to uncertainty. The pleasures of the present hour may be succeeded by the perils of the next in succession ; and vacant hilarity and good fellowship exchanged for the glance of anxiety and the heaviness of an anticipating dread. Capricious as the waves on which it is spent, and of which it is a characteristic, fleets the life of a sailor. Who shall blame him, then, for snatching the bright hour as it rises ; and careless of past fatigues and future evils, drowning every uncongenial reminiscence in the enjoyment of the moment. And is not this, after all, the truest philosophy ? The future is a cloud-like panorama, whether pleasing or otherwise, of something, perhaps, never destined to take place. The imagination tints it with colours which harmonize when placed at a proper distance, and make a showy and captivating remote appearance—whilst over all, pleasing in its unchained diffusiveness, is shed the sunshine of hope. The past is the obscurity of the road over which we have passed, viewed either through the medium of regret or self-congratulation ; regret, in having contained that, though perhaps lightly prized at the time, now deemed as gratifying—self-congratulation, in burying that, endured in the hour, though now exaggerated by the gloom of remoteness. The present is the only thing upon which we can seize, which is tangible—the future is vapour—the past is a dream—after all, what is it we are labouring after ? Enjoyments looked forward to, if fated to arrive, must become *present* ; evils *expected* are not yet in existence—if destined to exist, they will arrive fast enough of themselves. What is to come, therefore, whether for good or bad, is not yet in being, and for what is not in being it were folly to concern ourselves. The present is in being, therefore let that engross our whole attention. If pregnant with *good*, let us not alloy that good with the dross of unfounded anxiety : if charged with *evil*, let us not burthen our powers of avoidance or endurance with the extrinsic weight of additional misfortunes. Surely, he must be the most foolish of governors, who, when he sees an enemy with whom he lacks the means to contend, sitting down before his very gates, sends the one half of his garrison abroad to *reconnoitre* an expected body of assailants. We can only experience pleasure or pain through the medium of our senses. It is the part of a wise man to endeavour to obtain as much of the former, and as little of the latter, as possible, that is consistent with its permanency ; for who would forego a lasting good for a short interval of evil ; or seize a fleeting hour of enjoyment, when attended by an enduring contrary. Upon the present, alone, are our senses capable of being exercised ; therefore, to extract as much *real*

pleasure from the present, as possible, is the most legitimate and available employment of practical philosophy.

The skies darken down into twilight. That delicious *chiaro scuro* partaking of the rich purity of Claude's atmosphere, and the majestic profundity of Rembrandt's distances, soft as the oblique gliding of the sea-mew's wing, steals soberly over the garish brilliancy of the retiring sunset, and sleeps upon the breaking and ever restless waters, like Hope on the stormy surface of life. The scene borrows fresh graces from the imagination. The distance melts into vapour; and we might fancy we were sailing in the trackless realms of unintruded space. Deprived of arbitrary materials, the mind is thrown upon its own resources, and fills the spectral gloom around with creations of its own. How vivid—how evanescent, are the figures that the fancy starts up! Legible, while in being; but overturned by the succeeding wave of thought. Like characters traced upon the sea-sand, the next sweep of the wind obliterates their characteristics, and hauls them into irretrievable confusion. Soon as formed, is their existence annihilated. However, they were once in being; and having *once* been in being, they form a unit in the grand history of thought, a link in the universal chain of intelligence.

A heavy swell comes from the south-eastward. The noble vessel begins to feel its influence, and rolls deliberately from side to side. As the queenly fabric heaves her broadside from the advancing wave, the watery twilight falls upon it, like the last smile of day, and casts her jetty ports and bulwarks into deeper shade. The ocean grows darker and darker. The profound green gives place to an inky shade of blue: and shadow after shadow sails over the surface, till beauty sinks into grandeur, and grandeur into sublimity. Strips of amber and dusky crimson are yet to be discerned in the west: but they attenuate with rapidity, and are being fast swallowed by the murmuring deep that lies like a gulf beneath them. Faster and faster roll the mists astern; and a ghostlike sheet of white vapour rises in the east and south. The upper and lower edges of this are jagged, and put on the appearance of a rainy fringe. The swell heaves higher and higher; undulating every minute into more gigantic sweeps. The ship begins to roll with an increased heaviness, and bends her yards lazily lower and lower down on either side. The skies put on a wild and extremely threatening appearance; and a mysterious grumble, like a very distant roll of thunder, comes gradually down upon the wind.

A hoarse voice, rendered deeper by the trumpet through which it renovates, echoes along the deck.

"All hands to reduce sail! Boatswain's mate, pipe up. Look to the halliards!—out upon your topsail yards."

"What shall we take in, sir?"

"Close reef topsails and courses; and in with your head stay-sails.—Cheerily now, cheerily."

"Close reef topsails and courses!—forward, then! down with the fore-top mast stay-sail.—Reef away."

"You, at the helm there! keep her up to the wind."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"That's right! get in your canvass: Bravo!"

In a short time the yards are sliding down the masts, the reefs are taken in, the head stay-sails sent flapping down, and the men are descending from their duty. The veil of cloud in the meantime widens; increases in tenuity, and its jagged edges pale away into regularity.

The wind, which has hitherto been almost dead, springs up again in another quarter. The threatening appearances, which a little while ago called the attention of the officers into activity, begin to clear away. The mists, in wheeling troops, drive away on either side. But the sweep of the ocean still increases in sublimity. One hill of water succeeds the first, rolling with majestic deliberation, like so many mountains, put into motion by the throes of a volcano. Their summits, as we look up at them, however, seem to become lighter, and once more put on a purity of colouring. The vapour around gradually sinks down, or dissipates itself abroad, and reveals the background of the mighty picture upon which we gaze. At length, a long and reverberating roll of thunder rumbles heavily overhead; and the clouds and gloom begin to break grandly away in every direction.

But now for the exhibition of our grand, nautical, pen-and-ink diorama. We say to our readers, what Sancho addresses to Don Quixote, before he made a beginning, of that of which he never made an end; namely, the tale of the Shepherdess Torralva:—"Pray be attentive, for now we begin." We premise that a great call must be made upon the funds of imagination; and beseech our readers to provide colouring, to fill up the sketch which we will strike out for their guidance.

In the first place, darken the stage: create that advantageous twilight, in which impressive objects are magnified. Take in as much open sea and sky as the mind is capable of picturing to itself, and

"Give ample room, and verge enough,"

for the scene about to be introduced. These dispositions complete, and the imagination guided into proper condition, bid the bell ring, and the curtain deliberately rise.

How grand! how solemn! What an admixture of the sublime and beautiful! How little does the landsman dream of the glories ever present to him, "who goeth down to the deep in ships, and whose business lieth in the deep waters." Superb revelation of the greatness of nature, *once seen, thou canst never be forgotten.*

From right to left, sweeps a mighty mountain of water, shelving precipitously down, and, apparently, about to hurl the graceful vessel, which heels nobly over in the midst, into total and momentary ruin. Upon its gloomy breadth, falls a melancholy light. In the middle distance, overpowering in its stern immensity, wheeling as it rolls resistlessly and majestically down, into the darkness that broods upon the awful intervals, threatening, un pitying, and colossal, heaves a corresponding hill of water. The distance is shut out by the towering crests of these prodigious seas: and looking upwards, we can only distinguish the darkening masses of cloud that troop across the empyrean, and the pale light reflected by the far summits of the weltering waves. The heavens retain the last glimmering of twilight, and a bluish haze droops upon remoter objects.

And then the well-appointed vessel in the centre of the picture, the sole thing bearing the stamp of humanity, upon a waste, in the contemplation of the dimensions of which, computation is wearied. The hermit of the ocean:—companionless—shut out from voice, or signal of its kind. The exile of the deep, fraught with remembrances of home; but gone forth, perhaps, upon its *never-returning* journey. Separated from country, friends, kindred, love, all—save hope;—a branch, lopped from its parent stem, and submitted to the mercy of the howling winds;—a leaf loosed from its fellow, and sent helpless down the stream of destiny. Chartered, however, with human affections, how many souls are knit in that vessel's safety! how many hearts have gone forth with it, and its anticipated perils. "Mine aches to think on't."

Under close-reefed topsails and extended jib, she is gradually scudding. Deepened by the shadows of the ocean-valley, down which she surges, her stern-windows and taffrail are raised aloft, while rudder, stern-frame, and down-gliding broadside, are clearly visible. Her fairy-like tracery, and tapering spars, climb symmetrically above, and thicken, as they descend, into a web of jetty cordage. Her dotted line of closely-closed ports, studs her graceful run; and, bounded by a width of chains, bolts, and bulwarks, imparts an air of warlike dignity to her noble and interesting outline.

But the rolling waters reveal a still greater demanding object of interest. His form, scarcely distinguishable in the gloom, mounts at intervals into the fast-fading light. *A man overboard—ahoy—a!* A perilous situation; one sufficient to quail the stoutest heart! Who can guess at the conflicting and fearful thoughts which whirl through his brain? The danger is too great to be at once comprehended. Death—the prospect of so near and horrible a death, floats in dilated and mysterious majesty before his bewildered eyes! Safety so near, and out of reach! His sympathising and horror-struck companions crowd the taffrail. Left behind, a prey to the howling surges, while the majestic vessel bounds onward on her course. Fearfully grand is the scene. Darkness falls over the expanse—the last lights of evening plunge into vapour—all becomes dim, shadowy, and awful! But salvation, when least expected, drives down with the fast-sweeping pile of sea. A hen-coop, in the expectation of creating a temporary escape, floats fast towards him. He sees it; and taxes his endeavours to the utmost. Still welters the remorseless ocean. The thing to be saved, what a speck upon the expanse! The means of safety, how mean and insignificant, compared with the godlike panorama above, beneath, and around it! But the end is accomplished. The saving of a single life is effected; and the being rescued from an immediate death mounts above his enemy. The haze rises, in the mean time, thicker and thicker around; the distance is shut in from view; and cloud and billow, vapour and wave, is—is all that now can be distinguished. A boat, like an ocean-spirit, is seen to slowly advance through the smoky medium which envelopes it. A pause ensues, broken only by the washing of the waters. A faint "huzza!" breaks involuntarily upon the unsubstantial solitude. The mists deepen with rapidity; and the curtain gradually falls, upon a stern, melancholy, and all-pervading gloom!

BILL ROGERS,

Late H. M. S. "Firefly."

ANACREONTIC, No. 4.

By Mrs. C. B. Wilson.

SEND round the wine ! be gay ! be gay !
O'er hours like this let Bacchus reign ;
Cold thoughts of earth, away ! away !
Till dull-eyed morn bring care again !
Spirit of Hope—of Joy—arise,
With the bright bubbles on the bowl :
Chase by your spells pale Sorrow's sighs,
And light Mirth's torch in every soul !

Send round the wine ! let Music's strain,
In melting numbers, round us breathe :
Till, in the chambers of the brain,
Care finds no space its web to weave !
Music and wine !—Can magic boast
Of spells more potent, charms more sure ?
Add WOMAN's name to crown the toast—
Has earth a grief *these* cannot cure ?

Send round the wine ! it sparkles bright,
And FANCY kindles as it flows :
The glowing goblet's ruby light
Round life a charmed hale throws !
It wreathes with flowers the brow of gloom—
Gives to Love's wing a gayer dye :
Bids Beauty's cheek more warmly bloom,
And brightens Friendship's smiling eye !

Send round the wine ! the world would seem,
Without it, but a world of woe :
Yet, tinted by its fairy beam,
Each landscape wears a sunny glow.
And like the fabled flower that turns
For radiance to the Fount of Day :
So PLEASURE's altar dimly burns,
Till lighted by the goblet's ray !

HEARING AND SEEING, A VISION,

BY PHILOGRAPH ONEIROCRITICUS.

It has often occurred to me, whether to be blind or deaf is the greater affliction : I have seen a blind man, and have pitied his condition, when I thought of the many enjoyments from which he was precluded. Unknown to him is the "sweet return of Morn;" unknown is the aspect of all the variegated beauties with which spring and summer deck the creation; he moves on through the world perceiving no change in the everchanging appearance of nature; it is to him always the same "dark, dark, irrecoverably dark;" the bright beams of the sun may cheer and enliven the earth, the sky may be robed in its mantle of pellucid azure, and the earth clothed in its gay vestment of green; the magnificent sea may heave and swell in its noble grandeur, and the arching rainbow span the sky; but still all these sublime sights are to him unknown, as it is pathetically expressed in those simple lines :—

"Oh, say what is that thing called light?
Which I can ne'er enjoy,
What are the blessings of the sight?
Oh, tell a poor blind boy."

Again, I have often mused upon the miseries of the deaf. To be deaf is, indeed, a deprivation. Often have I seen, at the gay social board, while the merry laugh went round, the poor deaf man sit, unable to participate in the general hilarity, looking on while all were enjoying themselves, but yet not able to be a sharer in their mirth.

I was indulging in these philosophical or rather philanthropic reflections, the other night, as I sat with the utmost gravity upon the side of my bed, "a custom with me always," when I wish to have a night's sound sleep. My great grandmother, who was famed for her skill in interpreting dreams, gave me this as a last advice, that whenever I wished to be free from disagreeable and ominous visions during the night, to sit upon the side of my bed for about a quarter of an hour, in a state of perfect nudity; the extreme cold, she said, tended to promote digestion (whether this be really the case physicians can but tell), and the sudden transition to the heat of the blankets immediately produced a deep and refreshing sleep. Well, such were my musings upon the night I allude to; the time appointed by my great grandmother being expired, I wrapped myself snugly up in the warm folds of the blanket, put out my candle, drew my night-cap down about my ears, and was soon locked in the embrace of "tired nature's sweet restorer," when the following strange dream occurred to me.

I thought I was travelling through a fine extensive country in the East; it was about noon, and the sun was vertical in the heavens. The heat was beginning to be oppressive, and I turned aside to enjoy the cool shade of the trees that lay along the highway. The boughs of all

the trees were laden with fruit of all kinds, and the whole was vocal with the dulcet strains of numberless birds, smaller and more beautiful than any I had ever seen. I proceeded onwards till I came to a part more neatly arranged than the rest, and which had evident marks of being inhabited; as I looked around, I saw a venerable old man seated by the side of a narrow rivulet; his hair was of silvery hue, and hung down over his shoulders; his beard was long, and of a snowy whiteness; his features were regular and beautiful, and in his dark penetrating eye there was a mass of intelligence that at once bespoke the treasures of his mind. I paused when I saw him; his eyes were directed downwards, but as if intuitively sensible of my approach, he raised them, and made a sign to me to come and sit near him. I instantly obeyed.

"My son," said he, "know that this is the valley of reflection; all who enter here, acquire a serene and contemplative mood of mind, which above all meaner things is conducive to true happiness. I am the genius of the place. I know what has been engaging your thoughts: you are thinking whether Hearing or Seeing is the superior sense. I am now old, and know many things: listen, and I will tell a story which will relieve you from your doubts.

"In times of old, when each of the senses had a separate will of its own, and when all possessed the powers of speech, a question as to precedency once arose between two of the senses, Hearing and Seeing. The former asserted its claims to pre-eminence with all the determination and obstinacy that a feeling of conscious superiority could inspire; while the latter was just as bold and vehement in advancing its own pretensions. Long had the dispute continued; much ingenious reasoning and eloquent declamation were displayed on both sides; but from the want of any superior tribunal to appeal to, it did not seem likely that matters could be brought to any final adjustment. At length, finding that nothing conclusive was likely to result from such a species of undisciplined logomachy, they mutually agreed to appoint an umpire to decide between them. Reason was unanimously chosen, and they pledged themselves to remain satisfied with whatever decision she might pronounce. Night was selected as the most tranquil season for carrying on the trial; and following the example of the Areopagus, they resolved to conduct their proceedings in the dark. But now I think of it," said he, "the trial is going on at this moment—many times had they attempted to carry it on, but still from some mismanagement on the part of the disputants, they were unable to proceed. Reason at length, tired of so many interruptions, refused to attend again; many years elapsed, till at last, urged on by their importunities, she consented to sit once more, and I think, if I mistake not, the discussion is now commencing. Follow me," said he, "and attend." The old man waved a long white wand, which he bore in his right hand, and instantly the whole scene was changed to what shall be described forthwith.

'Twas now the dead of night. The black funeral pall of that sable goddess, spread out from heaven, had enveloped the earth in its dusky folds; a solemn silence reigned over the world, unbroken save at intervals by the melancholy hooting of the lonely owl; ever and anon a pallid flicker of light flared instantaneously across the heavens, as if the meteoric emanation of some of the heavenly orbs, as they rolled

through the fields of space ; or, at times, might be seen the livid glare of the marsh, flitting now with quick and irregular motion, and then suddenly vanishing altogether ; but except these transitory coruscations of flame, it was a night of thick and heavy darkness. In a large chamber, hung round with black tapestry, to which the old man conducted me, and upon a lofty throne, erected for the purpose, sat Reason, justly proud of her elevated position ; her mien and appearance were dignified beyond description ; in the expression of her features there was a calm composure, a tranquil majesty of thought, that seemed to arrest attention while it commanded respect ; serene and placid, she seemed not likely to be swayed by enthusiasm. Slow and reflective, she was not in danger of deciding with precipitance. The room was thronged with a numerous auditory. Reason waved her hand majestically, and called upon the Sense of Hearing to state her claims—who rose, and spoke as follows :—

“Imperial Queen ! sovereign arbitress of the actions of men ! thou who decidest truly between Right and Wrong, whose decisions are accurately weighed in the scales of deliberation ; and whose conduct is shaped in conformity with the most scrupulous justice—you have this night to decide a long-continued dispute ; the arguments upon which I rest my claims are these : and which, as the time allotted to me is brief, I shall endeavour to compress into as small a compass as possible.”

“In the first place, then, I hold that the operations of the sense of hearing are more dependant upon, and connected with, the intellectual faculties, than those of seeing ; sounds can be perceived by the ear, only when the mind takes cognizance of such, while the eye may gaze upon objects, and does frequently without the agency of the mind at all. This argument, however, leading perhaps into too metaphysical a disquisition, I am content to waive, and will rest my case solely upon the following ; which, to make the stronger, I will deduce directly from your own experience.”

“Music, music, oh ! how my thoughts expand, and my conceptions dilate, at the very mention of that soul-thrilling name ; what a throng of rapturous associations rush upon me ! Have you ever listened in mind-delighting ecstasy, when the magnificent swell of heavenly music first strikes upon the attention ? Music, music, spiritualizes, exalts, refines ; our thoughts are tranquillized, all our feelings and emotions bathed, as it were, in the ambrosial dews of heaven ; we become almost divested of our corporeality, and our souls emancipated from this earthly thralldom, float through an imaginary empyrean of delight, supreme and transcendental. As the coming of the Fabled Halcyon used to still the tumultuous heavings of the billows, so the soft illapse of sweet music upon the soul softens down all its agitations, and brings the chaos of its troubled musings into sweet harmony and concord. Or, to use another simile, music is to the darkness of mental disquietude, as the sun to the dreariness of the world, when he breaks from out a weight of clouds, and sheds his golden beams, chasing away the temporary gloom, and restoring all things to their pristine loveliness and beauty. Even the adoration which the celestial spirits are said to offer before the throne of Omnipotence, is poured out in sweet strains of music, as is beautifully described by Milton—

"Then crowned again, their golden harps they took
 Harps ever tuned, that glittered by their side;
 Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
 Of charming symphony, they introduce
 The sacred song, and waken raptures high,
 No one exempt, no voice but well could join
 Melodious part, such concord is in Heaven."

And let it be recollected (though indeed it cannot be forgotten), that but for the sense of hearing, this sublime pleasure would totally be lost; this refiner of joy, and sweet alleviator of sorrow, would be denuded of its power to charm. But there is another pleasure, though not so intense as that of music, yet not less conducive to our happiness—I mean the pleasure of conversational intercourse. Oh! the unspeakable delight of pouring forth all our joys, and all our sorrows, upon the bosom of a friend, listening to the soft and soothing accents of sympathy and condolence, and finding all the warm feelings of our heart and soul expand in the reciprocal flow of colloquial delight. And poetry, lovely poetry, imagine the pleasure of listening to the inspired effusions of the noble bard, as he draws forth from the rich store-house of his imagination, those splendid treasures, whose beauty is so captivating to all. Or, without descending to particulars, "look abroad through nature," think of all her pleasant words, the morning carols of the birds—the bleating of the sheep—the whistle of the shepherd—the song—the laugh of the merry milkmaid—the noise, the stir, the hum of life, when nature awakens from her slumber, and shows signs of returning animation. Or think of the great, the ineffable"—Here Reason intimated that the allotted time was expired, and called upon the Sense of Seeing to proceed; who immediately addressed her in these words:—

"Sweet, to be sure, are the carols of the birds, and the returning sounds of life, and the hum of men, and the voice of nature; but sweeter far is the sight of nature's self, when, arousing from her inanimate repose, and flinging aside the mantle of night, she starts again into life, fresh, fair, and lovely, burnished with the golden tints of the morning sun, and the dew-drops like so many pearls glittering upon her bosom, and bearing one universal aspect of joy and loveliness, like a bride upon her wedding-day. Oh! the magnificence of this resurrection of nature from the tomb of night; there are the first faint streaks of morning dappling the horizon,—the gray-liveried precursors or out-riders of her coming, the other and brighter streams of radiance rolling across the sky, tell now the sun 'apparent all'—

'Looks forth in boundless majesty abroad,
 And sheds the shining day, that burnished, plays
 On rocks and hills, and tower, and wandering streams,
 High gleaming from afar———.'

"How much better to be able to range with me over the boundless sweep of earth and heaven, one vast and dazzling panorama of brilliancy, than to be listening to the sweetest sounds that ever charmed the ear, while all around is wrapped in essential gloom. Sweet are the soft and soothing accents of friendship; but sweeter far is it to gaze upon

the face of those we love, and in that mental mirror to see reflected the inmost thoughts and treasures of the soul. Sweet is the bewitching syren tongue of poetry, charming the senses, and pouring, in melodious strains, all her riches upon the mind; sweet and charming is all her opulence of imagery, her grandeur of conception, her wildness of fancy; sweet is she in every shape, epic, pastoral, and didactic. True poetry, embodied in living verses, having obtained "a local habitation and a name," may be addressed to the ear; but whence did the sublime bard receive the flaming flood of inspiration? whence did the Promethean heat enter into his soul? was it not from the "eye in a fine frenzy rolling," taking in, in its rapturous survey, all the beauties of nature, and then throwing their ideal forms into the laboratory of his mind, whence they come forth dressed in a language of heaven's fire? True, our immortal epic bard was blind, and so was "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," but then their orbs were not sightless, till they had first received the treasure in their soul; till their eyes, rolling over creation, had gazed upon all its beauties, and their shadowy archetypes lay by in concealed magnificence, till afterward the tide of inspiration came, and swept them forth like so many pearls from the unfathomed caves of imagination. But why do I argue thus? can there not be poetry without verses? Language is not surely the vital essence of poetry, 'tis only the medium by which her grandeur is communicated to the uninspired? Ascend some lofty eminence, look out upon the boundless ocean winding along its girdle of waves, look upward to the azure sweep of heaven, spreading like another "ocean hung on high." Then see the earth, its waving forest, "where things that own not man's dominion dwell," its lofty mountain, its beetling crag, its green fields slumbering in the sunlight of heaven; its torrent rolling from the mountains, and its rivulet winding slowly through the glade. Let your soul walk abroad in thought, and then you will know the poetry of nature; then you will know that poetry is not dependent for its existence upon the adventitious aid of language—no, the spirit of poetry is to the eye, not to the ear. The stars are the poetry of heaven; its wild magnificence of scenery is the poetry of earth. Sweet, to be sure, is music, but place in opposition to it all these pleasures of the sight. Sweet and pleasing is it to gaze upon the canvass fresh and breathing from a master's hand, portraying in its various deportments all the grandeur of Creation, and all the passion of the human heart; setting before us, as if in second life, all of earth's wonders, the rude cataract, and the lofty crag, and the deep ravine, and the swelling sea. Place a painter in the midst of nature's wildness, with but his palette, his easel and his brush, and forthwith the magnificent scenery is transferred in living colours to his canvass, and when the eye takes it in at one glance, the mind is ready to acknowledge the transcendent superiority of the art, and to stand an humble worshipper at the shrine of a Poussin, a Claude, a Michael Angelo, and a Salvator Rosa."

Here again Reason rose; she said that she had heard enough now to enable her to decide. At this moment, the attention of all was suddenly arrested by the enchanting melody of a pair of bullfinches, that had settled themselves upon the outside of the window, and were now tuning up the sweet symphony of their morning concert. All were in rapture at the sounds, and it was thought that the Sense of Hearing

must now be triumphant. Reason, herself, appeared a little confounded, and paused for a moment; but, suddenly, a truly magnificent sight burst upon their view—the sun had just climbed the orient, and from her flaming car, a flood of fluid gold rolled over the heavens, scathing the clouds away, and covering all the earth with a deluge of light; the windows had been left partly open, and in flowed the tide of radiance; the chamber, before dark, was suddenly illuminated, and all gazed in wonder and admiration at the magnificence of the scene. Reason again rose—

Here all things began to fade gradually away into shadowy indistinctness, and at last totally vanished—I had awoke, and the bright beams of the morning sun were shining in through the unclosed shutters of my window.

CUPID, WINE, AND LOVE.

(TRANSLATED FROM ANACREON.)

CUPID once, in merry mood,
 Came to play, but I withstood:
 First, he whispered soft and low,
 Sternly I responded—"No!"
 Oft he touched me with his dart,
 But I would not own the smart;
 Then he came so slyly meek,
 Smoothed my brow, and kissed my cheek;
 Archly watched my eyes to see
 If I owned his witchery.
 I resisted every wile,
 Would not look and would not smile.
 Then he frowned, and flew away,
 Thinking I would bid him stay.
 When he saw these arts were vain,
 Soon he hastened back again,
 Filled my bowl with sparkling wine,
 Bade me drink the juice divine,
 Held it, smiling, to my lips,
 While I ventured gentle sips,
 He held it till I drained the bowl.
 And joyous Bacchus fired my soul,
 Others filled he to the brim,
 Others yet I drank with him,
 Till at last, with boisterous glee,
 I laughed with him and he with me;
 Then he seized his poisoned dart,
 And thrust it deeply in my heart,
 "Thee," he said, "whom naught could move,
 Wine has now betrayed to Love."

ENGLISH IDEAS OF FRANCE.

WITH the word France, most persons connect in their minds an idea either of a place where we may live for nothing, or next to it, or else of a nation the most elegant and polite in the world. We find many exclaiming, on the one hand, "Well, never mind—we can go to France, and live there on half our incomes, and better than we do in England!" or else, on the other, the sickening sentence in the mouths of but too many of our own country, of "our more polite neighbours, the French!"

With regard to the living so much cheaper in France than in England, we have our doubts; for we have travelled from Calais to Marseilles, and from Bayonne to Metz, in search of this same object, our inquiries having been directed, in the principal towns, towards the probable expenses of a residence; and the calculations we have made in each respecting the price of provisions, house-rent, fuel (a great consideration in France), and the minor expenses of housekeeping, being balanced with the want of society, and many of the comforts of life that from our infancy we have been accustomed to, and which we are quite unable to do without, have never been sufficiently in our favour to make us think them a desirable place for a fixed residence.

The regular resorts of the English, on the Continent—Boulogne, Tours, Calais, and Caen—first claim our attention, since whatever may cause us to leave our own country, we always prefer to be with those who have feelings in common with us; and which may, in some degree, do away with our isolated position as aliens. These we tried, and the result was far from satisfactory. Each looked upon his neighbour with an eye of suspicion, and wondered whether the crime of poverty, suspicion of debt, or something more immediately recognizable by our country's laws, might be the reason of our remaining abroad;—our corn was generally meted by our neighbour's bushel. But when in time this began to wear away, and something like sociability ensued, we in our turn began to learn the characters of our friends, and found them not altogether desirable acquaintances. Much that we heard might be untrue; for tongues, in these "free prisons," are no less busy than false. But still the taint of evil report hung around. The French inhabitants, in these towns, desire not the society of the English. They have been too often deceived by them; and as they know not how to draw a distinction betwixt those who are respectable and those the reverse, they close their doors against all. So much, indeed, is this the case, that Boulogne—which is, without exception, the best adapted of all the French watering-places for sea bathing—is avoided like an infected place by the Parisians, solely on account of the number of English always to be found there.

Then comes the question, What have we saved by being here? The answer is, Nothing—we might have lived equally as cheap in an

English town. For all the saving we could ever find was in the price of provisions, which is cheaper in the ratio of francs to shillings—not a fraction more; and this trifling difference was more than swallowed up by the extravagant price of fuel and dress. But some one exclaims, "Why, we know wine is much cheaper in France than in England; because, in many parts of the country, you may buy it for five sous a bottle, outside of the barriers." Granted you may, and perhaps, we will admit, for less even than that. But what is it when purchased? Unless for the honour of drinking wine, you might call it any thing else, and be as near the mark as when you called it so. No merchant in France will sell you wine at all fit to drink under two francs a bottle; and then you can buy better in England for the same money, though it may be under the humble designation of Cape. And the sharp, sour "vin ordinaire" is by no means equal to the production of our own colonies—of which we unwittingly drink so much under the more elegant name of Sherry.

The towns in Brittany, and the South, are cheaper much than these; but not more so than our Channel Islands, and towns equally remote from the metropolis. An English family would live in better style, and with considerably more comfort to themselves, in Devonshire or Wales, than in any part of France, for the same money. It is not a just criterion, that because a French family, in their own country, live in a certain style upon an income we should consider very small, that an English family should do the same. The expenses of going with a family to the South of France, and purchasing such articles as are not considered necessary there—*i. e.* carpets, &c.—will swallow up the imaginary savings of the first ten years; and the manifold annoyances they will have to endure, render it a hundred to one that they are glad to return to England long before half that period has elapsed.

An Englishman begins his calculation—"We can purchase fowls for so much a couple, turkeys at such a price, and various other articles at certain rates, much below the prices we should pay in England." But when you have purchased them, even at the prices named, what are they but poor, miserable things, the bones ready to start through the flesh? and our only admiration, that they had not died of starvation! For what French "cultivator" ever thinks it necessary to feed his poultry? The word barn-door fowl has no equivalent with them; they do not consider feeding at all necessary. The poor creatures, like younger brothers, are expected to provide for themselves as they can—and that is but "indifferent well."

The meat, even at the prices paid for it, is dear, and fit only for a French "batterie de cuisine." It must be stewed to something like rags, before it attains any degree of tenderness; and then requires the addition of savoury sauces to give it a flavour not possessed by itself. With us, an epicure considers the meat, when properly boiled or roasted, as containing something relishing to the taste: but in France it is too insipid to admit of the simple process of cooking; and no one thinks of the meat without the addition of sauces, the flavour alone of which is perceptible. And by the time the additions are made, and regard being had to extra quantity consumed from the mode of dressing,

we are certain that in England, though the first price is something the highest, the actual cost in the end is the lowest.

All these things are soon found out when a family have settled, and the discovery is too late; but it is very different before-hand to make an Englishman understand the whole bearing of the thing. A short trip on the Continent teaches him the prices of certain articles, but without reference to their quality. They are cheaper than in England, that is sufficient,—*ergo*, I can live for less money, and have my wine for dinner every day,—and spirits, dirt cheap! But look at the prices of house-rent, dress, fuel, sugar, and many other articles, and we find the balance in favour of our own country. Families abroad will put up with inconveniences they would never think of enduring for an instant in their own country. Their servants will attend when it suits themselves, not their employers; perform their work according to their own fashion, or not at all; for they never fall into the ways of the English—they think them absurd, and merely for the purpose of giving them extra trouble and annoyance.

In matters of dispute, where it has been necessary to apply to the authorities, we have found the truth of the adage—"The weakest goes to the wall;" and, except in very flagrant cases, you must not expect to be on an equal footing with your neighbours, provided they are of the country. You may, indeed, expect a long harangue about, "Justice in France knows no distinction of persons; all are entitled to the protection of its laws." But this ends pretty much with the remark of the celebrated Abbé de Mably, who says, "there is no nation, however corrupt, that does not possess in its archives the best laws in the world—they require *only to be executed*."

The prevailing opinion respecting French "*politesse*" must soon pass away, and be remembered only in connection with the France of other days, for assuredly it exists not at the present. An Englishman pursuing the even tenor of his way on the apology for foot-pavement in Paris, and finding himself suddenly jostled into the road, looks naturally enough, as of old, for the "*milles excuses*," but finding instead a scowl of defiance, marvels much at our neighbours being called "*most polite*!" Should he be tempted by some glittering display in a shop window to wish to lighten his purse, and enters the shop with that intention, he must not expect the ready alacrity of a London tradesman, who seeks to anticipate his wants before he can express them. If the man or woman, as the case may be, are enjoying a quiet gossip with a friend, they will not hurry themselves for the expected customer; but when a convenient pause occurs, perhaps, request to know what he desires, and then in a cold, unwilling manner point to half the articles in the shop window, rather than remove the tray for inspection; and take care that any little trouble they may be occasioned is fully perceived by the person who occasions it, and who, although he does not expect the perfection of politeness from the "*bourgeoise*," looks for rather different manners from "*our more polite neighbours*."

Any person who has resided in Paris during and subsequent to the time of Charles X. must at once perceive the great change that has taken place in the manners of the French people; a change so rapid, that we are at a loss altogether to account for it. Even Mrs. Trollope,

who seems to have gone to Paris with the determination to see every thing "colour de rose," is forced to admit the great difference in manners since the last Revolution; and her speculation as to the causes lead to nothing more than supposing it to be the result of—the Revolution.

We must confess, we are pleased at the change on one account; since it used to be the custom for too many of our fair countrywomen, after a short stay in France, to come back with their heads a little turned by the polite attentions paid to them by some dangling adventurer—for English women in France are always considered as heiresses, and are rather in demand in the matrimonial market, until the mistake is discovered. Some, indeed, who have been deceived by these attentions, and changed their English into a French name, have had bitter reason to regret the step, and wonder at their own shortsightedness.

The deep, bitter, burning hatred that every French man and woman bears towards the English, is but slightly glossed over, and where an opportunity occurs, bursts forth with undiminished force. If any of our readers are desirous of experiencing on what terms we are with our "more polite neighbours," let him take his seat any evening in the "Theatre du Palais Royal," and witness the representation of a piece called, "La Moustache de Jean Bart," and then he may have some idea of the feelings entertained towards us; he will find nothing lost by the audience where the English are in question—and the allusions are not "few and far between."

The press of this country have most laudably used their endeavours to bring about a kindly feeling with our neighbours, but to little purpose. The English never will be in good odour in France; we have wounded them too deeply ever to be forgiven.

It may be thought the foregoing remarks are penned in a moment of spleen against the French, but such is not the case; we have long resided in different parts of France, and have simply stated what we have learnt by experience; and we are confident, that persons who have remained any length of time there will fully agree with us. Those who pass a short time in the country on an excursion of pleasure may fancy things are not altogether as we have shown them; but we are certain that, should they at any period become residents, they will gradually come round to our opinions.

B.

CONSOLATORY STANZAS,
TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF GLO'STER;
WRITTEN AND PRESENTED TO H. R. H. ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE
DEATH OF THE LATE DUKE, NOVEMBER, 1835.

OH, Royal Daughter ! why thus sadly grieve,
A sea of tears would not the dead recall ;
The good, the gentle, death did never leave,—
The best and noblest are the first to fall ;
Oh ! weep not, Royal Princess, those are blest,
Who sleep in peace,—no cares disturb their rest.

Fain would we gently wipe those tears away,
And banish sorrow to the land of gloom ;
For why be sad, while on this earth we stay,
Although we travel to the silent tomb ?
Like the pale moon that with the clouds has striven,
We may at last tread the clear floor of heaven.

We have a monarch merciful, who now
Would fain all mourning from his kingdom chase,
And gladly smile to see a placid brow,
And a bright joy again light up thy face ;
Oh, lay aside this deep long-cherish'd sorrow,—
The darkest day brings sunshine on the morrow.

For what is death but a long quiet rest,
Unbroken by the heaving storms of life ;
The dew that sleeps upon the rose's breast,
Knows nought of care, and woe, and grief, and strife.
So rest the dead, all undisturb'd and still,
Like the pale primrose shelter'd by the hill.

Few lived like him, alas ! who lives no more,
But with a nation's blessings on his head :
We for his goodness ever will deplore,
And raise a prayer above his silent bed.
Weep not ! but hope, for there are realms above,
Where we may meet again with those we love.

J. B.

THE PURITAN'S DAUGHTER.

A SHORT distance from Hereford, on the banks of the lovely Wye, there stood, somewhere about the year 1665, a mansion: the architectural pretensions of which, though not of the first order, were yet sufficiently good as to evince that it had been erected by a person of taste and consideration. Broomsgrove, as it was called, was the abode of a gentleman, Sir Ralph Desrick by name, who possessed considerable property and influence in the county. He was somewhat gloomy and stern, being rather given to the religious fanaticism of the times, and a strong supporter of the Protector and his measures. His family consisted of an only daughter, whose birth preceded her mother's death but a few hours.

Sir Ralph had loved his wife with a passion almost amounting to idolatry; he had wooed and won her from a host of suitors, and the short year they had passed together, had been to him one round of happiness, pure and unalloyed; and the violence of his grief, when bereft of her, at first gave much apprehension to his friends, but after remaining some days in a state almost bordering upon madness, his attention was suddenly attracted by the faint cry of a child in one of the adjoining rooms; he listened an instant, and something seemed to cross his recollection, for starting up with hasty and heavy stride, he sought the apartment whence the sound proceeded, and almost forcing, rather than opening, the door, he entered the room where the servant was nursing the child. The attendant was at first alarmed at having the infant snatched from her, but was somewhat assured, on finding that Sir Ralph held it quietly in his arms, gazing intently upon its features for some moments. After a short time his wildness appeared to calm down, for the child seemed to smile at him, and moved its little arms, as though it were pleased by the notice of its only parent. He pressed its forehead to his lips, looked once more with fixed attention on its features, and replacing it in the nurse's arms, left the room as hastily as he had entered.

From that day he became an altered man—never again seeking the pleasures and amusements of the world, but living with all the gloomy austerity of one who had determined to avoid the idle frivolities of the period, passing nearly the whole of his time in fondling his infant daughter. Grace Desrick was, indeed, a child of more than common beauty—and what, in her father's eyes, surpassed all her loveliness, was the exact image of her departed mother; she was of fair complexion, with sparkling blue eyes, and her long light-coloured ringlets fell around her in luxuriant profusion; her sylph-like figure knew not the trammels of a vicious fashion, but grew in all the strength and beauty of its active proportion. With what satisfaction did Sir Ralph watch, day by day, the expansion of her fair form, and mark with what readiness she comprehended the almost masculine instruction he bestowed upon her. But still he could not force the gloomy precepts he sought at times

to instil, to take root in her mind—she would laugh, and be as free and joyous, as though Broomsgrove was the happiest place in the world. The elasticity of her mind was a foil to the sombre air of the mansion—for Grace Desrick, with all her quickness and intelligence, could never be brought to understand that religion was meant as a source of sadness or sorrow: her guileless heart knew nothing of the horrors of repentance, for there was no act she could look back to, and feel even regret at its commission.

When she had attained her eighteenth year, she was still as gay and happy as she had been when a child. Of the world, she knew scarce anything; her education had taught her but little of its ways—and a father, with every care and attention, cannot supply a mother's place to a girl. But, suddenly, the merry Grace Desrick seemed to have lost much of her wonted cheerfulness, and no one could say why or wherefore; it was in vain her father questioned her, whether was there ought to make her unhappy; she had no cause to be so, she replied, for she felt happier than ever—and yet Sir Ralph could not but observe she was not the same gay laughing girl she had been but a few months past: there was an air of abstraction about her at times, as if her thoughts wandered far away—it was not that she was imbued with the gloomy spirit of religion, that her father had so often striven in her childhood to impress upon her mind,—she attended, with propriety, to its forms and principles, but not as an ascetic. In vain did he endeavour to discover the cause, for he could not gain his daughter's confidence.

Hereford contained, at this time, among the parties of the legitimate sovereign, one Sir Edward Euldigh, who, not having compromised himself by any outrageous act against the existing Protectorship, was allowed to retain possession of his estates; but his son (some said with, and others without, the consent and approbation of his father,) had taken a very active part in the intrigues of the Stuarts; yet, as Sir Edward openly disclaimed all participation in the schemes of his son, and nothing could ever be proved against him, tending to involve him in any of the plots, it had been deemed advisable to allow him to remain unmolested.

Not much was known by any one of Mark Eveleigh, his son. He was supposed to be on the continent, in attendance upon the exiled monarch, but this was merely conjecture: some said he was wild and reckless, possessing all the faults and vices of a cavalier, without any of their redeeming qualities; but as this was the character given him by the Puritans, it was to be received with some doubt; all the reports seemed to agree in calling him like Sir Edward in outward appearance, which was equivalent to saying, he was a gentleman of good breeding, and in person well looking; and that, we believe, was nearly all any one in Hereford or its neighbourhood knew of one they had scarcely ever seen.

But Mark had recently left the continent, and was staying in the neighbourhood of Hereford, his father's house not being considered a safe residence for him; for though his person was not well known in the town, or perhaps scarce at all, save by his father's servants, it was thought prudent to avoid all risks, and he had been, therefore, on a visit at a friend's, whose mansion and grounds adjoined Broomsgrove. It had chanced, that wandering one day with his dogs about the banks of the Wye, he had met the pretty Grace, and was surprised at seeing, in

such a secluded situation, a being so lovely ; and it occurred to him at once, that it could be no other than the person he had so often heard called by his friends, "the pretty Puritan." He had been so long accustomed to the dark-eyed languishing beauties of a foreign court, who sought every aid to enhance their charms which fashion or art could invent, that his fair countrywoman, in all her native loveliness, seemed to him the most beautiful object he had ever beheld. He could not help gazing at her with more steadfastness, perhaps, than true politeness would have warranted, but Grace gave no signs of anger, for she was wondering who the stranger could be ; she knew by report the names and families of the cavaliers in the neighbourhood, for such the stranger evidently was by the style in which he wore his hair, and the colour and fashion of his dress, yet to the description of none of these did he seem to answer. There was in his manners every thing that would have betokened a person of good family, and one accustomed to the best society of the cavaliers, but it was in vain she conjectured who it could be. The stranger, however, raised his hat, and bowing to Grace, passed on, whilst she returned the courtesy.

Was it chance that led Grace to take the same path beside the Wye on the following day, at the same hour as she had done on the preceding day ? It might be so. But was it chance again that led Mark Eveleigh at the same hour to the same spot ? It was not : he had seen, in the glance bestowed upon him by the pretty Puritan, that he had excited an interest in his favour not quickly to be forgotten, and his knowledge of the world told him, what Grace herself knew not.

She had wandered there listlessly and without analysing the motives which induced her to do so, and perhaps was not disappointed in perceiving the stranger trying to put his dogs upon the scent of some lair, the existence of which they most pertinaciously denied. She might for a moment have thought it strange he should be there, but she did not consider long, for the stranger, bowing, said, "he was afraid his dogs would annoy her, as they had followed up a scent and obstinately persisted in its pursuit."

Grace did not, though she might easily have seen that they were wholly innocent of the accusation ; but she replied that the annoyance was imaginary on the stranger's part.

The conversation once begun, was not wanting in spirit to render its continuance interesting to both. Grace listened with the deepest attention to all the wonders the stranger had to relate, and he in his turn wondered that one evidently of superior education, should know so little of the world and its actions ; but he knew not that with her it extended little beyond Broomsgrove, and like the wild fawn, she had wanted and sported about it without thinking or caring for aught beyond. It was her little world, and contained all she desired ; she never sought to know if there were pleasures not to be found within its circle.

This interview was but the first of many that followed, and from that time did Grace learn that life was not the bright picture he had painted it. Mark Eveleigh soon saw the open unsuspecting nature of her disposition, and that, wanting the counsel and assistance of her own sex, her resources were wholly within herself, and he was not long in deciding what course to pursue. Honour in love and war, he argued, there

was none ; and as to causing grief and sorrow to the crop-eared cur, her father—what mattered that to him ! Did he not wish all the ill that could befall their race ? and if he touched them in a vital part, so much the better : they had forced him to play at hide and seek in his native land ; his life even was sought by these same Puritans, and why, therefore, should he pause a moment to consider their feelings.

And had he no compunctions for the fair creature, whose love he had gained, and the purity of whose affections should have stifled all evil thoughts against her ? Can it be in nature for man to look upon that being whose heart and soul are devoted to him, who lives but for him, and whose every hope and fear are centred in his well-being, and yet feel no commiseration for her ; nor think an instant of the long sad years of anguish and suffering he entails upon her ; to see the upraised finger of scorn pointed towards her, whose only crime has been in “ loving not wisely, but too well,” and not pause ere he casts upon her an overwhelming load of misery. Alas ! it has ever been the same, for man is so selfish in his nature, that he rarely heeds the feelings of those he seeks to ruin.

It was a few months after the first interview between Grace Desrick and Mark Eveleigh, that the inhabitants of Broomsgrove were one evening aroused from their usual state of quietude by a loud knocking at the outer gate. So unusual a summons at that hour brought nearly all the servants to the gate ; and their surprise was nothing diminished at perceiving merely two horsemen. One of them was a man of rather powerful form, and somewhat above the middle height, and by his dress and appearance evidently of the Puritan party. His horse was of the most perfect black, and seemed impatiently waiting for admittance. The other was of the same party, and might have been the servant, or, perhaps, a higher grade, for it was hard to distinguish the rank by his dress.

The gate was no sooner opened than they both entered ; and the one who had the appearance of being the master, dismounting from his horse, carelessly threw the reins to his companion, who received them with much respect. He desired to be conducted to Sir Ralph Desrick, which was instantly done, as Sir Ralph had himself come forward to ascertain who so unusual a visitor could be.

The master of the house himself showed the way to his library, and the guest, without being requested, threw himself into an easy chair beside the fire, and seemed for a few moments to enjoy the warmth without regarding his host. His request that some refreshment might be provided was almost instantly complied with, and of which, after a long formal prayer, he ate sparingly. As soon as he had finished his frugal meal, the attendant was ordered to withdraw with the remains of the repast, and the host and his visitor found themselves face to face, having as yet scarcely exchanged more words than the nature of the stranger's request required. Sir Ralph waited patiently until the other should break the silence, which he shortly did.

“ It appears, then, I am not known to Sir Ralph Desrick.”

Sir Ralph thought it was a face he should have known, and yet could not say where or how. But he replied, it was so little he had

suitied Broomsgrove for the last twenty years, that the friends of his early youth had but rarely crossed his path.

"It may be that your memory does not serve you well, Sir Ralph; but I do not forget that you have ever been a true friend to the state, though of late you have not taken an active part in its affairs. I would the Lord in his goodness had willed that my errand, at the present time, should have been to speak of a more happy subject than is my lot just now."

Sir Ralph looked hard in the stranger's countenance, to see if he could read in it aught that might indicate his meaning; but there was nothing in its severe air to give the least clue to what he was about to say.

"I have heard, Sir Ralph, that the Lord in his great goodness bestowed upon thee a wife, whom you cherished more than, unhappily, is the custom of many of us."

Sir Ralph groaned audibly at thus hearing his wife mentioned, for the wound occasioned by her death still rankled in his bosom.

His guest seemed not to heed it, but continued:—"I have heard, too, that she was untimely snatched from you, and since then you have secluded yourself from the world, seeking consolation in the Lord. She left you, as I have been told, a daughter—who, if all accounts speak true, is most fair and beautiful; and that you have employed much of your time in her education. But I much fear me, that it is not altogether in a father's power properly to form a daughter's mind and disposition. But this is not to the purpose. Sir Ralph, you should be a man of firm purpose and resolve, and able to control your feelings. Has the Lord given you strength to listen to me, and yet keep a mastery over them?"

Sir Ralph looked in some amazement, scarce knowing how to understand his guest.

"This fair flower, upon which you have bestowed so much care, is, I fear me, almost lost to you; unless a just Heaven, in its kind mercy, now stretches forth its hands towards your help. Your daughter has been marked as a victim, by one of those profligates who delight to throw the state into anarchy and confusion by their wild schemes and vicious habits, regarding little the bonds that should unite society, and seeking only the gratification of their wild ambition and ungovernable lusts. But the Lord will not allow them to escape unpunished; for a day of retribution will come when they are least prepared to meet its justice. My friend, it grieves me much that one whom I esteem should suffer from such curses of society. Your daughter has, I am pained to say, fallen into the power of one of these."

"My daughter, sir? Speak, in Heaven's name, with more clearness; for, on mine honour, I understand you not!"

"You cannot be ignorant, then, that Hereford contains amongst its inhabitants one Sir Edward Eveleigh, a supporter of the Stuarts. You may, or you may not, know that he has a son, named Mark—as wild and reckless as any from whom the Lord ever withheld his grace. He has striven all in his power to bring forth ill against the state, and has been for months in the neighbourhood endeavouring to bring his plans to maturity. But I have had my eyes upon him, and watched him day by day; and sorry am I to say, that, though his plans have been in

vain, his wicked acts have succeeded against your daughter. He strove all in his power, by his knowledge of the world's arts, to seduce her from the path of good conduct, but without effect, until his devilish mind conceived the idea of a false marriage. Your daughter little knew the ways of life, and thought herself married by a few prayers being muttered over them by one of his associates, in the Abbey chapel; and thus has he accomplished his foul purpose."

"God of Heaven, grant me mercy! Can this be truth—or is it some wild story with which you seek to try my feelings?"

"As there is a Heaven above, it is the truth!"

Sir Ralph spoke not, but, covering his face with both his hands, he remained some moments almost without motion. When he removed them, his face had lost its deep-toned colour, and assumed a pale, ghastly hue. "Oh! my poor child!" he exclaimed. "Could not all thy purity and innocence stay the destroyer's hand? Could he not see in your saintly mother's image a being that should have turned his hard heart to something like compassion? May the deadliest curse that"—

"Hold, my friend! It will not avail thee to curse him. The Lord will not forsake his chosen servants, nor let the wicked prevail more than for a season. As a father, I can feel for you, and know what you must suffer; but, forget not, it is not for man to curse those even who have injured him."

"Sir, you speak like one who cannot feel for another's griefs. You know not what it is to have one whom you have cherished through life—not alone for herself, but for her whose fond image she bore—stricken down by the foul destroyer, and yet forbear to curse him! Oh! my poor, poor Grace! have all your gay and happy spirits come to this? Were all those charms that I have loved to look upon, and watch as they have expanded year by year in greater loveliness, but given thee to allure to thine own ruin? Poor injured Grace! he shall learn, that, secluded as I may so long have been from the world, I can yet revenge you!"

"Hold! hold! my friend, revenge will little aid you now. I owe you something, as I have been partly the cause of this, in allowing him to carry on his plans in safety when I might have prevented him. The mischief, however, was done ere I foresaw it; but all that lies in my power shall now be done. Will you be good enough to send me up my attendant, who waits below?"

On the attendant's entering the room, the visitor took him aside and appeared to give him some instructions, with particular expression, fearful lest they should not be clearly understood. The attendant instantly afterwards left the apartment, and the heels of his horse were heard ringing on the pavement, as he dashed at full speed through the gateway.

The stranger resumed his seat by the fireside, and seemed for a time to fix his looks upon the flickering light of the fire, at intervals thrusting together the logs of wood with his scabbard-point, so as to keep up as bright a light as the flame could throw upon the room.

Sir Ralph was striding to and fro with quick and unsteady pace; at times he would stop, and striking his forehead with his closed fist, whilst his hard quick breathings showed the violence of the feelings within, and occasionally some half-broken sentence would escape his lips, expressive

of commiseration of his poor wronged Grace, mingling with a deep and deadly curse against the villain who had so foully deceived her.

As the broken curses fell upon the stranger's ear, he shook his head as if in expostulation, whilst his stern brow assumed a more severe air, but he knew the workings of man's nature too well to stay the outpourings of a chafed spirit, which would not be confined, but must break forth ere the mind could at all assuage its violence.

For an instant Sir Ralph paused, and bent his keen glance upon the stranger's countenance, to see if he could read aught of falsehood in it; but he felt at once assured there was no intention of working on his feelings by a feigned tale, for the severe look of his visitor seemed altogether at variance with deceit.

About half an hour might have passed thus, without a word being exchanged or a syllable uttered, save by the broken interjections of Sir Ralph; when the sound of several horsemen arriving, was heard in the court-yard below. Sir Ralph started at the ringing of the horses' hoofs upon the pavement reached his ears, and looked toward the stranger for an explanation. The latter rose with apparently a satisfied air, and turning to Sir Ralph, said:—

"My friend, leave this matter entirely to my guidance, for your present feelings are but ill suited to what the occasion requires."

The door of the apartment was suddenly thrown open, and several soldiers entered, thrusting forward a young man, their prisoner. He looked first at the stranger and then at Sir Ralph, at the sight of whom he seemed somewhat moved, but quickly regaining his composure, he demanded "by what right he had thus been seized upon, and dragged forth like a dog?"

"By the order of him to whom the Lord hath given the right and the power."

"There is no right in this country can authorize so great an outrage."

"I will not argue the question with you, but I tell you, Mark Eveleigh, you are a villain! nay, don't look at me from head to foot, and seek the place where your sword should be, for I am none of your swashing brawlers, though I could cleave that skull of thine in twain, and not think I had done more than soil my sword with blood better fitted for a headsman's weapon."

"It is safe, Sir, to insult an unarmed man."

"Go to, thou art a fool?" replied the stranger.

Sir Ralph had risen from his seat, and every feature seemed distorted with rage, as the name of Mark Eveleigh was mentioned, but a stern glance from the stranger, who pointed for him to resume his seat, kept him in check.

"Mark Eveleigh," he said, "it is not a secret to me and Sir Ralph, how you have abused his daughter, and with what vile artifice you have desecrated the house of the Lord, by a false marriage. Your vile acts and practices have come to light; and now you stand face to face before the father of her you have so deeply injured, what have you to say?"

"If I have done wrong, the laws of my country will redress those have injured."

"There is no need to call them into question. Will you now, in her father's presence, and in mine, consent to repair the injury you have

done her? the gentleman who stands beside you shall perform the ceremony, and I will answer for it this time, that he is duly qualified—what say you, Sir?”

“That I will not be forced into a marriage by so outrageous an act as that which brought me here.”

“Then so be it. Sir Ralph, I am sorry for the young man's obstinacy, but the injury he has done your daughter will soon be avenged. It was not as he, like a fool and knave, supposes, to redress her wrongs, that he was seized upon, but I have waited patiently until the plots, in which himself and father are engaged, were sufficiently ripe to prevent Sir Edward Everleigh again escaping; and, now I have them safe within my clutches, a few short hours will be all that remains to the youngster, to repent his ill deeds.”

Mark Eveleigh was staggered at this announcement: he had thought that his false marriage alone was discovered, never for an instant dreaming that his plans had been from time to time betrayed in all their different stages, and unluckily, he too well knew that this time his father was deeply compromised by them.

“I am willing,” said the stranger, “in consideration of my poor friend, Sir Ralph, to loosen somewhat the bonds of justice, and on condition that you instantly make his daughter your wife, to allow yourself and father to quit for ever a country which will be but too happy in the riddance; do you consent to this?”

Mark Eveleigh paused an instant, but consideration was useless; he was like a beast at bay, and must submit to any terms that offered life. “And if I do,” he replied, “what then?”

“You shall quit the country in safety now, but the next time you set your foot on these shores, hope not for mercy, for by the Lord you will not find it—”

“Then I must consent.”

“Must!”

“Well then, I do, since my words are so minced.”

“If, Sir Ralph, you will send for your daughter, there need be no delay, for time is precious to us all.”

When Grace entered the room she was startled at seeing it filled with armed men, and for an instant drew back; but when her eye rested on young Eveleigh, and she perceived he was a prisoner, she sprang forward, and throwing her arms round him, as if she would offer her vain protection, from the force arrayed against him, she exclaimed:—

“Oh, my father! do not harm him, even though he be opposed to those of your party.” She looked to her father, but his glance was fierce and angry, and the stranger's usual stern looks were even more gloomy than was their custom. None spoke, and even the soldiers rested on their arms, scarce drawing their breaths, so intently were they watching the scene, rendering the silence almost awful. Mark stood upright with an air of determination and defiance. “Tell me, Mark, what all this means; but, gracious heavens! I never saw you look so, ere now. Do not fear them, they will not harm you, for sooner than they should do so, I would tell them all—and then my father would love and cherish you as myself—it is not in his nature to bear ill will against any one.”

“My pretty maiden,” said the stranger, advancing towards her,

"your father and myself have sent for you, to see you made the wife of this gentleman."

"His wife, Sir?—I have been so some time."

"True, true, my pretty maiden! but it was in secret, not before the world. It should be so, that all may know you are such; and now, in your father's presence"—

"My father, Sir? You know, Mark, I ever said he would do all I wished, and yet you would not let me tell him. I knew he would not refuse aught to make me happy. But come, do not let that angry frown hang upon your brow; how often have you told me that the brightest day of your existence would be when you could call me your wife, before the world; and now you can do so, you seem as I never yet beheld you."

"Sir, I am all readiness," said Mark hastily; "there surely needs no irksome delay."

"Then let the ceremony proceed," said the stranger. The clergyman advanced, and the soldiers having ranged themselves with an air of devout attention, began the ceremony in a deep sonorous voice. Grace looked first to one and then to another, to see if she could read in their countenances any explanation of the strange scene, but the solemn air assumed by all save Mark gave no clue that enabled her to comprehend its meaning. She uttered the responses as she was desired, wondering within herself that it should be so different, and much longer than her previous marriage; and when the deep-toned fervent AMEN burst from the stranger at the conclusion, she was still in the same state of wonder.

The clergyman, drawing from his pocket some writing materials with a roll of vellum, wrote out the customary form, which was signed by the parties, and looking around for a fit person as a witness, the stranger seized the roll, and taking a pen said, "sure there can be none more fit and proper than myself," and hastily signing his name at the bottom, presented the vellum to Sir Ralph—the eye of the latter for a moment glanced at the signature, and to his amazement he beheld "Cromwell Protector."

Sir Ralph sank on his knee before the Protector, but the latter exclaimed with much haste,—“Not to me, Sir Ralph, but to the Lord alone should we bend the knee: his humblest servant is not a fit object for worship.”

"To you, Mark Eveleigh, I have to repeat the caution, that you never set your foot again on English land, for, before a just heaven I swear, no power on earth shall save you from the scaffold. It shall be my care that you are seen to leave these shores, and to Fennimore I give you in charge, not to lose sight of you until you are safe on board a vessel, and its head turned away from hence. Yonder is the door,—your presence is odious to the sight of every honest man."

"Oh, no, no!" exclaimed Grace,—“you would not part us—we are married now before the world, and surely you would not wish to separate us thus, at the moment we have sworn to remain for ever together?”

"My pretty maiden, it may seem unkind and cruel, thus to force you apart, but he is a villain of the darkest hue, and as sweet and fair a maiden as yourself would be ill mated with so despicable a being."

"Oh, Sir! you are mistaken; indeed, you are! you know him not, he is true and honest. Before heaven, I will vouch his truth."

"Maiden, you are deceived."

"Indeed, indeed, I am not!—Oh, Mark, Mark, in pity's sake do not leave me! Oh, Sir, in mercy's sake—my father, can you let me plead in vain? Think, he is now my husband, and that I love him more than all the world, save you. Do not tear him from me! have you forgotten how you loved my poor mother, and yet cannot feel for me? think what she would have felt, had you been torn from her—it is not more than I feel now."

Sir Ralph covered his face with his hands, to hide the weakness of his nature, for he deeply felt his daughter's sufferings, and the image of her mother recurred to his imagination in all her saint-like purity.

"Alas!—is he gone?—and not one look or word—Oh, Mark! Mark! what in heaven's name have I done, that all should turn thus against me? I have loved you with all the truth and fervour my weak nature could allow, and yet you leave me thus."

"My poor child," said Sir Ralph, pressing her to his breast; "you have placed your affections on one who knew not their priceless value, a stranger to the heart's best and dearest feelings. It was an evil hour that first threw you in each other's way, and more sad to you, I fear me, is the present. In your guileless heart you will long cherish the remembrance of him, whom it would be happiness to blot for ever from your memory; but, alas! I know you cannot do so—would that you could! My dearest child, in this world you will never meet again."

The following letter was received by Sir Ralph, some time after the above-narrated incidents took place:—

"Honoured and esteemed good friend.

"I have lately heard from the continent somewhat that relates to thee and thine. The Mark Eveleigh who married the pretty maiden thy daughter, met, a few days since, with his deserts, in a sudden brawl, in the low countries: his adversary's sword passed through his heart, leaving him no time to call upon the Lord for forgiveness of his many and great wickednesses.

"Thy fair daughter may now seek comfort and consolation anew in the wedded state; and that her choice may be this time more worthy than the last, is the ardent wish of your good friend,

"CROMWELL PR.

*"At Hampton Court,
this 23d of Nov. 1657."*

ON THE DISCOVERY, IN EXCAVATING, OF A RING
SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN BURIED FOR CENTURIES, WITH THE
INSCRIPTION—

“ I AM THINE ! ”

Yes, simple is the ring, and still
More simple the love-breathing words ;
And yet they have a power to thrill
The bosom's softest, tenderest chords :
Theirs is the eloquence no art
Can reach—the rhet'ric of the heart.

Those words were murmur'd, years ago,
By maiden lips that knew no guile ;
That ring embalm'd in all its glow,—
A rapturous hour that, like a smile,
Lit with its sunbeam memory's cell,
And shed o'er life a fairy spell.

'Twas mid the farewell agony,
When nature speaks beyond control,
When every feeling gushes free,
She placed yon record of the soul
Upon the hand she lov'd so much,
That bliss was in its slightest touch.

Ah ! who can tell, if that adieu
Was their last parting ? who can tell
What after-woe 'twas his to rue,
What fond tears from her bright eyes fell ?
Their fate, their fortunes, who can say ?
Their very names have passed away !

Cold are the lips that breath'd the vow,
And cold's the heart that prompted it ;
All vanish'd, lost, forgotten now,
Save yonder ring, where love hath writ
A tale of tenderness and truth,
Fadeless as his immortal youth.

Till sleepless time shall be at rest,
Affection shall the spoiler dare ;
While beats a warm devoted breast,
That breast shall for some dear one bear,
Carv'd deeply on its inmost shrine,
Love's deathless motto, “ I am thine ! ”

ELEANOR SNOWDEN.

OMNIBUS POLITICIANS.

As we descended Ludgate Hill, and approached Farringdon Street, that most awful of all crossings on a market-day, and which neither the piety nor patriotism of the monumental members, Wilks or Waithman, can shield from danger, there was a halt for about ten minutes. The train of vehicles was, as usual, very great, and the difficulty of progression considerably increased by the awkward movements of some fifty or sixty oxen on their route to that bourne whence not even oxen return. These poor animals had a kind of presentiment that the boys who drove them, meant them no good, and showed a strange disposition to move in any direction but that which the juvenile drivers wished. The crowd of pedestrians increased not a little the difficulties, as it inclined to one side or the other, like the long heavy swell of the ocean after a gale. A shrill female voice now called on the conductor to take up and save her from these *orrible hoxen*. The conductor, with an air of sullen magnanimity, placed between her and the object of her fears his pigmy person, assuring her, she had now nothing to fear.

The Bus drew up close to the curb-stones, the door opened, and Miss Tomkins was handed in. As she sat down, the conductor smiled at her alarm, "though, to be sure," said he, "one is not always quite safe in a drove such as that *ere* one, which don't belong neither to the neuter gender," chuckling a smile at his wit. Miss Tomkins, unfortunately, happened to be one of those poor souls, whose duties in another world, tradition, superstition, or some other ition, very ungallantly says, will be to lead blind apes. But this, after all, is but a lying gipsy tale, yet however it may be as well to keep up the delusion,—it may make handsome women a little less fastidious.

My position was near the door, and which, though sometimes convenient, I found just now very disagreeable, as my proximity to the conductor exposed me to the merciless infliction of his vulgar wit. "Did you ever see, sir," addressing himself to me, "such a *fearful timbersome* creature as that *ere* lady—will you believe it, sir, if she did not think *them ere hoxen* were going for to eat her, I am not a living man." Fortunately for me, there were two men near me, one of whom sat opposite me, and who caught up the tone of the conductor's last speech, and enlarged copiously upon the horrors of old maids, old women, old prejudices,—in short, everything old, except, as his friend who sat close to me said, old port. This sweeping censure upon everything old, sounded like a direct attack upon an old man who sat on the opposite side, and who, unfortunately, had too much of the irritable feelings which usually hang about men, who, though really old, wish to be considered young. This man took some exceptions to the speech of this aforesaid hater of everything old, and presently a war of words arose, which even the rumbling of our omnibus could not drown. The

different interruptions which we met with, from bipeds, quadrupeds, carts, cars, and carriages, afforded these men ample opportunity for urging each their respective arguments, and which, to do them justice, they did with considerable energy. It is curious how words do multiply—how ignorance acquires strength by endurance. From personal jests, they passed to general strictures upon men and manners, trades and occupations, Church and State, King, Lords, and Commons. I confess I was a little astonished at the information of some of the talkers, much of which, I fancy, arose from their own confidence, or rather the toleration which they experienced. One of the aforesaid men turned to the man of years, and very abruptly asked him what occupation he pursued, to which he replied with an air of affected dignity that was truly amusing, "Sir, I am a chymist." "Is that all you can say of yourself? you give but a lame account of yourself;" looking at the same time to a large stick which the chymist carried, and which was evidently intended to perform some of the good duties of a good leg. The allusion was so coarse and unmanly, that I looked at the fellow with an air of contempt,—when, turning to me, he said, "Perhaps, sir, you, too, are a chymist? if so, you can help your friend." To this I only replied by a look, which I think spoke very intelligibly to him; when the other loquacious fellow said, that if I was a chymist, I would be likely to do the very opposite, for two of a trade never agreed. "That is not always the case," said my vis-a-vis compagnon de voyage, and his fancy took a wide range: "there are trades which play into each other's hands—brewers and bakers, grocers and wine-merchants, all play into the doctor's hands, by mixing all manner of drugs and stuff in our bread and drink, and which require the doctor's advice,—ay, and some of his physic, too, to carry it off. The doctor himself plays into the hands of the undertaker and parson, who very good-naturedly taxes us at our entrance and exit from life." The conversation became presently a little more interesting, or at any rate more ludicrous, by a kind of an episode which he introduced about church and state, beginning with the parson, who he said was no better than he should be, with his tithes and fat living, for all of which he did nothing except preaching once a week a sermon which he bought at the last auction, and reading a chapter or two out of that book which some people impudently call the "story book." Returning to trades, he said, "the shoemaker played into the hands of the corn-cutter." "You are perfectly right there," said his friend, at the same time uttering a frightful oath against every one in the trade. "Then, again, is the tailor playing into the hands of the lawyer,—the first to take your measure for a suit of clothes, the other to take measures to get payment for them; the first brings in his bill as long as your arm for wearing apparel, the other a still longer one for costs;—you may indeed call it measure for measure, suit for suit," smiling at his wit. "There is a sort of an understanding, too, between tailors and upholsterers, the latter to daub with oil, gum, japan, or varnish, every article in their line, that, hang me, if a man can sit upon any thing except at the risk of spoiling a pair of pantaloons." To enumerate the various crimes which traders in general committed, according to this fellow's report, would fill a good-sized octavo. From the tinker who makes two holes when employed to stop one, to the parson who

taxes the last shovel of earth in the last receptacle of six feet by three, all shared alike the censure of this man of words.

Politics now became the engrossing subject, and to do this fellow common justice he cared little about men or measures: Whigs, Tories, Radicals, Reformers, all shared in turn his indignation. Even the good features of our old constitution did not escape him, for she, though not mentioned especially among the list of his hated objects, still held a prominent place there. Of course, the rotten boroughs came first in for their share, upon which he was more eloquent than usual, "These were the ruin," he said, "of the country,—they did as much injury to the body politic as the baker's alum to the body corporate, (meaning, I suppose, the human body);—nothing but corruption everywhere,—places, boroughs, magistracies, majorities, the army, the navy, the church, bench, law, gospel—all, all bought." Here the old man could no longer remain silent, and said, "Pray, sir, when was the country so prosperous?" "Fiddlesticks!" cried this fellow, "it is an unnatural state of things, and assumed prosperity for the benefit of certain loan-contracting gentlemen. A rattling war is what we want to set this country right. Talk of your blessings of peace, look around you, and what do you see? bankruptcies, failures in every quarter. There is, sir, in this country an excess of population, more mouths than you have bread for,—you must get rid of these by some means or other. If you are acquainted with the history of your country, you must know that this is the longest peace for the last 150 years: 17 years is the average duration of peace, so in the natural course of events, we must soon have war. Never was there such a glorious opportunity as our vacillating (I have no doubt, he here meant vacillating) ministers threw away, with Russia;—a war, sir, with Russia would make any ministers popular in this country. "Yes," said the man of drugs; "I believe a war would raise the price of corn, and be a God-send to the farmers." A general laugh ran through the Bus, for it now appeared that the man of many words was really a man of grain. I joined, I freely confess, in the laugh against this fellow, who from base motives of self-interest was sapping the solidity of our national credit, honour, and public tranquillity. "God bless the King," said the man of drugs: "Amen with all my heart," cried I, putting in a word for the first time. "Amen, say I also," said the man of many words: "he is as good as most kings, but I don't love kings at all." A murmur of disapprobation ran through the Bus, as he finished this last sentence. "Look at Europe," resumed the rogue in grain; "what a pretty set of kings! I would not give a brass farthing for the whole batch of *um*. There is Louis Phillip, King of the French, and his hungry son-in-law, Leopold, a fellow what ain't ashamed to be drawing from this country, with her load of taxes and debt, his 50,000*l.* a year; and there is the Emperor of Austria, and Frederick of Prussia—I think they calls him so; and last of all is the biggest of all villains, the Emperor of Russia, the *Auticrat*, as they call him, of all the Russias, whose greatest delight would be to upset every thing here, and then come in to settle things for us, as he has done for Poland. Only look how he watches Greece and the Turks. I tell you what, sir, that ere chap is a more slyer chap than my Lord Melbourne, or Lord Palmerston, or Newspaper men, think he is." The chymist, though his labour was only of a passive

kind,—to sit and hear, yet he could endure it no longer, and addressing me said, "The Queen, I am sorry to hear, caught a cold, and remains in doors, I find." "She should leave that to some of her subjects to catch!" exclaimed the indefatigable talker; "or, having caught it, she should smoke her pipe as I do, and puff it off." The levity and assurance of this fellow, in thus talking of our Queen, called up some of my more manly spirit, and feeling that my loyalty might be taxed, even in a Bus, as insincere, if I allowed this fellow to proceed further in his abuse or disrespect of royalty, I said, "Sir, I will not sit here and hear the name of king or queen treated lightly by any person!" at the same time measuring in my mind's eye the weight and muscle of the man of words. "Nor I, neither," said the chymist. "Nor I," said a voice from the end of the Bus, which now for the first time joined the debate. "Sir," said this voice, "I am a builder, and pull down my houses! if I would not pull any man's nose who talked lightly of any of our good royal family!" As he concluded this declaration, he showed a chest that was in some measure an assurance, that the man who would venture to oppose should have something to contend against. This brought the dealer in slander to a full stop—the first he had come to during the ride. An accession of strength like this gave the poor old chymist a fresh impetus, and, bristling up with all the passion of an irritable, loyal, old man, he said, turning to this loquacious man, "Sir, you and your friend, whoever he be, are a pair of impudent fellows. You first attempted to be witty at the expense of the old lady, which was unmanly, and then you turned your wit against my infirmity, which was base and cowardly! Then, charmed with your own voice, you abuse trade, religion, laws, governments, kings, lords and commons, popes and parsons, peace and politics. You have the glibness of a licensed victualler dinner speaker; you cram your head with a set of words—as, bribery and corruption, ruin and bankruptcy, priestcraft and prejudice, &c. To fix vulgar attention upon subjects of this kind, little more is required than memory and effrontery; and where the former fails you, the latter ably seconds you. In a stage coach, you may succeed for a time—but, trust me, you will meet elsewhere that chastisement which your assurance merits. You have poured out the full cup of your wrath upon almost every calling in life; but believe me, after all, that the greatest rogue is the rogue in grain." "Now, sir—if you please," cried the conductor, as the Bus drew up to the curb-stone. The door opened, and we passed out without even an inclination of the head to men who would tell the Queen of England to smoke her pipe. These traders in grain were left alone in the Bus, where they had full time to meditate—for they had half a mile further to go—on the impression which they had made. In meetings of men, or in public vehicles, a wise man would never advance any thing that may offend another, nor aim at superiority, when he is totally unacquainted with the rank or title of those around him.

LINES TO MARGARET

WRITTEN ON MY RETURN TO ENGLAND.

(Intended for the Third Volume of "England, a Poem.")

Lo, now the Autumn comes again, and I
 Must end where I began, with thoughts of thee :
 A gloom hath fallen upon the summer sky ;
 There is a shadow droopeth on the sea,
 And beauty hath departed, strength and majesty !

When I left England, all the woods were green ;
 The harvests roll'd with wealth, the flowers were bright ;
 The birds were singing in their love serene ;
 There was a constant motion of delight,
 That filled the soul with joy, and drove away the night.

When I return again, the corn is gone,
 The golden fruitage is all pass'd away,
 The ash-tree stands in solemn gloom alone ;
 The fern is withered, and the heath-bell's sway
 Is over,—every hedge in scarlet meets the day.

Music hath left the hills, there is a tone
 Of lamentation sounding through each wood ;
 The south wind's voice is now a weary moan,
 And nature weeps in every solitude
 O'er her departed lovers, and her wither'd brood.

Change, change, hath fallen every where: but thou,
 Beloved one, art never changed to me.
 Thou art the same—the same thy beauteous brow.
 Thy glancing eyes, thy footsteps light and free,
 Thy soul—that beameth out with love and liberty !

Thou art a vision, in this world's dark night,
 Of peace and splendour : thou art as a gleam
 From heaven—a joy—a wonder—a delight—
 The glory and the splendour of a dream—
 The lover's adoration, and the poet's theme !

Come to me from the blue-reposing sky !
 Come to me, Oh ! beloved one, and lean
 Thy snow-white bosom, and thy forehead high,
 Upon thy worshipper !—calm and serene—
 Even like a seraph come, and beautify this scene !

I yearn for thee, with a repining love
 That nought may quench—for thou art Beauty's own:
 Thine is the grace that cometh from above:
 There is a spiritual music in thy tone
 Of voice, and thou art bound on Eloquence' bright throne.

Sweet looks, and winning ways, are ever thine;
 And magic, like a loadstone, lights thine eye:
 Those delicate lips hold melody divine;
 And soul and thought sit on thy forehead high,
 And thou art all attired in love and harmony!

A song as of a seraph comes from thee,
 Thou walkest like a Naiad to her love,
 Or as a sylph from some enchanted tree:
 Thy golden locks hang down thy neck, and rove
 Along thy breast, and sleep upon thy bosom's move.

Seldom, on earth, we view such forms as thine!
 Nor, save in blessed dreams of silent night,
 Glides aught before our vision so divine.
 For *heaven* alone is left for things so bright,
 And mortal eye can gaze not on the lustrous light.

And what availeth all my longing here,
 This yearning phantasy, and dark despair?
 I ne'er may breathe my passion in thine ear,
 Nor watch each wish, nor soothe each trace of care,
 Nor press thee to my breast—who art so very fair!

Yet, *all* must love thee! In the eloquent blood
 That swells each azure vein; in every sigh;
 In look, in word, in grace of womanhood,
 Lie charms to win each ear, and glad each eye,
 A spell for earthly trust, for truth and poetry.

Again Farewell—far o'er the sounding sea
 Once more I sigh farewell! The passing year,
 Nor Time, nor change can tear my heart from *thee*.
 And though thou mayst not bless my dwelling here,
 We yet shall meet again, and in a loftier sphere.

A heavenly home, where sorrow cannot be;
 Where grief, nor care, nor human passion dwell:
 There white-rob'd in thy glory I shall see
 That queenlike shape, that form majestic,
 And we no more shall part—again,—again—farewell!

Gainsborough, Yorkshire, Nov. 12.

J. W. ORD.

M.M.—3.

T

WISHES.

“ Sic volo, sic jubeo, stat pro ratione voluntas.”

“ If wishes were horses, beggars would ride”—is an ancient proverb, made no doubt to exemplify the inutility of wishes; and many will have it that such a thing as a reasonable wish cannot exist, inasmuch as wishes cease, or should cease, if attainable, and if not attainable, then they cannot be reasonable. I beg, however, to differ, *toto cælo*, with such an argument; nor will I yield implicit submission to this doctrine, because I contend that whatever can, or might, or could lead to our greater comfort is to be wished for. If not attainable, still it is very desirable; and if desirable, why should not a man wish for comforts.

There is in man an indisposition to be satisfied with his present state. The mind is constantly filled with hopes and expectations after things which it has not; and it frequently—nay, daily happens, that we are aspiring to better our condition, either in some worldly pursuit, or improving our spiritual concerns; and if we see our fellow-men in a more prosperous state than ourselves, a gentle wish creeps uppermost in our thoughts, and, envying his better lot, we wish we were only possessed of his wealth, that we may make some use of it. This wish is certainly against the tenth commandment. But is there any offence in thus wishing? I wish, very often, that I *could* wish; for there is about me that hanged placidity of discontent, which, dissatisfied with all around and within, prevents me from fastening on any object for succour and relief. Now, what can be more disagreeable than to be placed in circumstances like the following:—to sit across an unarmed chair, staring at a fire so good as not to require replenishing or poking, yet so bad as to be cheerless; thinking of nothing but some old subjects which one had long ago done with; to feel an incumbrance in your clothing, without knowing exactly whether the coat be too short or too long in the cuffs; to be neither full nor hungry, ill nor well; to require nothing, yet having nothing;—so circumstanced, what cure can there be but the power to wish?

How multifarious are our wishes! “ Mine be a cot beside a rill,” sings one. “ Would that I were a glove upon that hand,” says another. This man wishes he were some red cross knight. That one, that he may obtain a smile from some Angelina or Maria; whilst another sighs for turbot and lobster sauce. I have my periodical wishes. I wish every morning, as I cannot shave myself without inflicting many serious wounds upon my phiz, which I am told is a handsome one, that I could awake ready shorn, without my friend the barber, calling for hot water, lathering my face, and, *proh pudor!* holding my nose ere he removes the stubble from my phiz; and in winter, when icicles hang on

the wall, I wish that I could rise ready dressed. As the day waxes older, being a bachelor, I wish some one of the female kind were with me, to attend to my culinary concerns, and order my dinner; for in my forlorn condition, I can make but three varieties of dishes out of rump steaks, chops, and cutlets, and then reverse the order to cutlets, chops, and steaks. I am very precise in my movements, and as soon as I have broken my fast, I look out in eager expectation for the postman, and should he pass my door without knocking, I am sure to be out of humour, and wish that I were some rich old nabob with some bequeathable effects, for friends would not be then so few, or so inattentive and neglectful; but should some dun with a dunning knock interrupt me in my fond imaginings, then I am certain to wish I was once again in my minority, and free from such annoyances; for who now is so vulgar as to pay a tradesman's bill? After I have enjoyed my matutine itineration, I generally have a relapse of my morning uxoriousness, and wish over every fair creature I may have encountered in my walk. I set an empty chair just opposite myself; grieve that my better half will not eat to-day—propose a glass of wine—silence gives consent; realize one pleasure, and I wish ten thousand.

During the late summer months, I one day wished, in the erratic movements of my mind, that I were a flea; and would he not be a desirable creature, were it not for the danger of apoplectic fits and a premature death? Imagine his style of living—see his knight-errantry—what a convivial round dog, and yet how he preserves his nimbleness! I wished that I were a flea, but that the thumb and finger of some cruel Dustiffina—no—no—I rather wish that I could change places with something which hangs upon the looking-glass of “her whom my soul holds most dear”—something, did I say something? Gentle reader, hast thou ever felt the charming agonies of love? If thou hast not, then thou art damned, and cannot tell what that something is, and I wish that I were in thy situation, barring the said damnable clauses. I sometimes wish that his most gracious Majesty would give me a commission to pull down, tear up, and destroy all those things which molest and interfere with my comfort. I would kick Chancery Lane, Fetter Lane, and Drury Lane to the Antipodes—I would utterly hit, strike, and by the ear pull, all the chimney tops and pots, which intercept the extensive view I have from my garret window, over the vast expanse of houses facing the place from whence I am now lucubrating. I would pull down, demolish, and destroy that pile of brick and mortar intended to be the Pandemonium of a certain clique in Pall-Mall, and expatriate all its members to Van Dieman's Land.

On Monday last I wished to be the high wind. I fancied I should whisk along the sky and take my pleasure like some royal traveller, with leaves of trees, and fragments of clouds, and sweet sounds and fragrant odours, tossed about me as I went on.

Riding the whirlwind, or on the storm, what fun would I not enjoy! what amusement would I not create! Turn your eyes to those lungs of London, on a day in the full season, when all that is great or noble, proud and wealthy, recreate in Rotten Row. Quick I would be there, tossing, twirling, and tumbling them as I would. See that prude, with cheeks adorned with anything but Nature's hues, false curls playing on

her withered front : by some she is told that she is ugly and old, but she will not believe what they say ; mark her mincing step. Pounce I would so on her at once, she cannot shelter herself from exposure. I would puff off her paint, disarrange her curly locks, and fill her with such alarms, that she should imagine from her inmost soul she were inflated with gas and ready to be wafted through the blue expanse of heaven. Then would I slyly let down my pinions and the rain falls ; a few have carried out a precautionary umbrella, they lift them, and in a moment I would rush on them with a bound of glee, and whisk them from their hands ; then what beauteous confusion—what jollity—what diversion !

“ *Risum teneatis amici ?* ”

I was musing, the other evening, and contemplating like many other wise men who deal in politics, upon the many measures intended to have been made the law of the land, and, amidst other lucubrations which came into my wayward, wicked fancy, I had determined to address a letter to His Majesty's Attorney-General, for his real opinion on the subject of the Abolishing Imprisonment for Debt Bill. From one newspaper I learn, that to abolish imprisonment for debt would be subverting one of the bulwarks of our constitution ; from another, I learn that it is a most beneficial measure, and will be the means of establishing the credit of this great commercial nation. In this great predicament, and diversity of opinion, what could I do but wish that I could see the interior of some prison ? No sooner wished than done, and I find myself in the situation I wished. I fancied myself in the interior of a large building, surrounded on every side with high walls, and from which an escape is hopeless ; I pass the grim threshold, and the turnkeys who keep the gates, and at once mine ears are astounded with the sounds of revelry and mirth ; and I enter a room in which all the best and most merry of the inmates are assembled on some convivial meeting. Hark to their mirth—“ Pass the bottle, and let us drown all our cares in the bowl.” “ Give us another song, and let us bid defiance to all our creditors.” “ Let us be merry whilst we may.” Are these the objects of the bill ? are these to whom mercy shall be shown ? These, I said, are they who squander all they possess, and allow their creditors to starve, and perchance be ruined. I then wished to see the objects of real distress, and I was ushered to a room in which the honest debtor, after striving all that was in his power to pay each just demand upon him is immured, and around him are his family ; every thing which can be sold, has been either pawned or parted with ; his bed is gone ; and starvation stares him in the face ; his friends have deserted him, and, “ deserted in his utmost need by those his former bounty fed”—deserted and exposed, he lies without one friend to close his eyes. What shall we do for succour ? To whom can we apply for aid ? His wife consoles, his children look up to him for sustenance ; who shall describe his agony ? who paint the inward feelings of his breast ? Is there no help ? no friendly hand to administer to his want ? no kind friend to console his wounded spirit ? None ! there is no hope, no prospect of a remedy to end his evils, but that which will pay the great debt of nature. Unlamented, untolled, and forgotten, he sinks down, and perishes—“ of the world forgetful, by the world forgot.” But

whither, gentle reader, am I roaming? Thou mayst truly say, amidst my various and my many wishes,—

“Thou art roaming, thou art roaming,
Over hill and over dale;”

and I grant that I stand corrected—but I find that the pains of a dyspeptic man are coming over me, and being occasionally subject to the blue devils, my wishes are not then either new or interesting; and as I may infect thee, gentle reader, with my disorder, which heaven forefend! if the weather proves fine, and the sweet influences of the Pleiades return to us, I may please you better at a better time. I wish it may be so; but—

Vive! vale si quid novisti rectius istis
Candidus, imperti, si non, trisutere mecum.

J. E.

CONVIVIAL REMINISCENCES.

A PLAGUE upon your five-and-twenty years! they make a terrible alteration upon a man: they tinge the hair that was once raven black with a shade of grey—plant wrinkles and crows-feet upon the “human face divine”—“quench the lustre of the eye’s bright grace,” and unless you are a punky chap that will not suffer father Time to get the better of you, they will succeed in taking away the elasticities of your once nimble foot, so that you that once bounded along the Strand—gentle and aged reader, “the glass of fashion and the mould of form,” attired in the toggery of Stultz and the boots of Hoby—while the pretty servant maids stole a look and whispered, “he is quite a lady’s man,” now hobble or progress at a snail’s pace through the same thoroughfare, and are taunted by witty, but ill-natured Cyprians, with “how d’ ye do, granddada?” What could have put it into the head of the son of Sirach, to panegyrisise old age, with its gout, sciatica, peevishness, and loneliness, or to speak of it but as the last and worst stage of earthly misery, when existence becomes ten times more unpleasant and irksome, by our casting a retrospective glance at “the wild freshness of the morning” of life, and recalling to our minds the days when we were pleased with ourselves, and everything around us. We are old fellows ourselves—and our only solace now is to drop into some ancient haunt, and regale ourselves with a pipe and pint of stout, and listen to a story. Intent upon this gratification, we sauntered in the other evening to the Yorkshire Stingo (we love the name); but scarce had we been seated, and wet our parched lips with our half-and-half, and blown our first cloud, after having with some difficulty “got up the steam,” than a monster in human form commenced in a stentorian tone, a melody—as I suppose, in courtesy, we must call it—the burthen of which was “Time, Time, Time,” and no sooner did we hear the ominous beginning than we paid our shot, and bade

“Farewell to the tap-room,
And baln-breathing ale,”

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U

in something like a gallopade movement. We wended our weary way to the *Coal-Hole*. The *Coal-Hole*, what a magic is in the very name! what an association of ideas crowd upon the mind at the bare mention of a spot consecrated to mirth and good-fellowship, and where once was to be met with, in their gayest moments—and we shall not do those classic regions the injustice to say that even yet, although “like angels’ visits, few and far between,” they may not be found—some of the choicest master spirits of the age. Alas! how often “at the wee hour ayont the twelve,” have we met poor Kean there, “his eye in a fine phrenzy rolling,” as he sat in his box surrounded by a bevy of tipsy half-pay officers, attorney’s clerks, newspaper reporters, and jovial sons of Thespian. We never shall forget one night we spent there in the company of Kean. It was at one of the Friday dinners, at which the veteran proprietor of the *Coal-Hole* used, like a Patriarch, to take the chair—and never was a chair—no not even by Manners Sutton, better filled. The bottle and the song had passed round freely, until night had grown into grey morn, when a rather angry disputation arose between Kean and a bacchanalian linen-draper, upon the merits of dramatic representation. From high words the affair came to blows. It was a regular stand-up fight. Kean, I recollect, was handed by old Pierce Egan, and the linen-draper by a “learned Theban,” who at that time was, and I believe is still, a paragraph-monger to a morning paper, as well as contributor to an Evangelical Magazine. After two or three smart skirmishes, for they were nothing else, the belligerents were separated, but not until one of the linen-draper’s eyes was completely, to use a pugilistic expression, “banged up,” which was nearly all the damage that occurred in the “set-to,” and Kean and myself immediately left the *Coal-Hole*. When we got into the Strand, he was in a perfect phrenzy, and every now-and-then, as his excited feelings magnified the affront he had lately received, it was not without considerable difficulty that I succeeded in preventing him from returning to the *Coal-Hole*, for the purpose of annihilating the ill-fated tradesman who had provoked his wrath. As we journeyed along, he became much calmer, and fell into a deep meditative mood, from which I was only able to arouse him, by pointing to him that morn had already begun to dawn. “And so it has!” he exclaimed, clasping his hands, and assuming a theatrical gesture; and then, with inimitable pathos, he continued, “lovely morning! how delightful thou art to the virtuous and industrious—thou glancest through the lattice of the humble, but hardy, swain—and, lo! with jocund spirits and strong-strung nerves, he starts from his couch, again to pursue his daily toil—how different is thy appearance to the enervated and broken-down debauchee, who has spent a sleepless night—his body racked with pain, and his mind torn with anguish, at the recollection of health, fame, and fortune sacrificed at the shrine of intemperance and dissipation.” A change had now come over the spirit of his dream, and the tears chased each other down his pallid cheeks. It would be beside my business now to conclude Kean’s homily, or to enter more largely into my reminiscences of him—but suffice it to say that he delivered a discourse full of more christian and moral excellences than I ever before heard, even from the lips of Philpots himself. But I must return to pigs, as *The Chronicle* has it. It is said, by some, that the *Coal-Hole*

is falling off—that the increasing morality of the age, with the vast increase of Temperance Societies, have played the deuce with this once celebrated domicile of Bacchus and Apollo. We believe it not—nor from what we ourselves have been able to see of the excellent arrangements of the *Coal-Hole*, and the suavity and attention of the Messrs. Rhodes, its proprietors, do we expect, that for many a year to come, will this classic retreat—the legitimate successor of the Boar's Head, of East Cheap, to the disgrace of London, be suffered to lapse into decay. It is a crying shame, that of all the literary frequenters of the *Coal-Hole*, no Professor Wilson has been found to immortalize the “*snuggery*,” of the Wen, or make the name of Rhodes shine forth like his who rejoiceth in that of Ambrose. The *Coal-Hole* is, above all other places, the receptacle of literary men, especially of those who are connected with the newspaper press. It is no uncommon thing during the sitting of Parliament, about midnight, in one of its comfortable boxes, to discover the Tory Editor, whose “leader,” wherein he describes the Whigs as all that is faithless, mean, and dishonourable, is just in the hands of the printer, discussing a Welsh rabbit, and quaffing his share of a couple of pints of stout and a bottle of Madeira with “a best possible instructor” of the Whig party. *The Two Kings* of Brentford, never smelt their rose more lovingly than do these amiable scribes empty their bottle; notwithstanding, the next morning will find them engaged in a wordy warfare, where sometimes not only the courtesies but the decencies of civilized society are forgotten.

“But if you would visit Melrose right,
You must see it by the pale moonlight;”

and to behold the *Coal-Hole* to advantage, you must see it about twelve o'clock of a Saturday night. Then it is in its glory;—the boxes stuffed to repletion—the room enveloped in a cloud of smoke, and thrilling with “melody sweetly put in tune.” Here do congregate on that night the finished rake—the truant husband—“the glorious company” of shop-boys, about to squander the treasure which their hebdomadal larceny has enabled them to amass from their master's till. The attorney and bailiff here do mark their victim, and are perhaps too blind to recognize him.

WILLIE AND PHEBE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF SUNDAY,—“A POEM.”

SWEET Phebe is sixteen, and charming
As the smiling rich season of spring ;
Her seraphic graces surpass all
The dreams which high fancy can bring ;
And her bright eyes so shining and jetty,
Beam like heaven's di'monds above ;
And the look, all in blushes so pretty,
When teaz'd, and when tempted with love.

Each lad of the village, low bending,
Told his tale of distress with a sigh ;
And they said that with love they were dying,
Then Phebe look'd thoughtful and shy.
And her bright eyes so shining and jetty,
Beam'd like heaven's diamonds above,
And so gentle she look'd, and so pretty—
When teaz'd and when tempted with love.

Some knelt on the earth low before her,
And strains of soft simpers did chime,
Others thought they could win the fair maiden
By singing their whimsies in rhyme ;
While her bright eyes so shiny and jetty,
Beam'd like heaven's di'monds above,
And she looked so divine, and so pretty—
Like an angel of light and of love.

A rich one, too, sighed for the maiden,
And spoke of his acres of land ;
Moving strains from his school-books he whimper'd,
And offer'd in state his soft hand :
While her bright eyes so shining and jetty,
Beam'd like heaven's di'monds above,
And she turn'd them, so chaste and so pretty,
Away from his acres and love.

Now Willie, who long had ador'd her,
Beheld all his rivals retire :
With love for the maiden he trembled,
And hope set his bosom on fire :
And Phebe's fine eyes all so jetty,
Beam'd like heaven's di'monds above,
And she look'd so enchanting and pretty,
He knelt, and he told her his love.

So gentle, so graceful, so winning,
So modest, his Phebe he woo'd :
In glowing young love's gallant bearing,
And nature's rich language he sued,
While Phebe's bright eyes, all so jetty,
Beam'd like heaven's di'monds above,
And so serious she look'd and so pretty,
While Willie was telling his love.

Now breathless he paus'd, and sweet Phebe
Bestow'd the soft look of consent,
Then joyousness lighten'd his features,
And on with his story he went :
While Phebe's bright eyes all so jetty,
Beam'd like heaven's di'monds above,
And she lean'd, so attentive and pretty,
To Willie's rich converse of love.

Then he press'd her white hand to his bosom,
And his lips to his lady's did lay ;
So eager, so earnest he pressed them,
Their roses, amaz'd, died away.
And her bright eyes, so shining and jetty,
Beam'd like heaven's di'monds above ;
And she sigh'd, blush'd, and looked, oh ! so pretty,
And yielded her heart to his love !

H. B.

CENTRAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

IN our last number, we erroneously gave the title "Royal" to the "Central Agricultural Society." We were led into this error, partly from having heard that a letter had been laid before his Majesty, requesting him to honour it with the light of his countenance by becoming its most gracious patron. The statement made to us seemed to be confirmed by the appearance, on the 4th of January, of "The Agriculturist's Journal," which was understood to be the official literary mouth-piece of the society. This first number was surmounted by a crown, emblem of royalty, and hence the confirmation of our error, till a letter from Sir Herbert Taylor set us right. It was previous to the publication of this journal, or rather weekly paper, that our article was penned, and it will remain to be seen to what extent the view we then took of the subject was correct. The objects of "the Association," were stated by us to be, to force government to alter the metallic standard of value and to issue a few millions of one and two-pound notes; with the intent to create an artificial and unnatural rise in the prices of land produce, and consequently, of rent; we, at the same time, submitted our opinion as to whether the prices of land produce were not affected rather by the laws of demand and supply than any thing else. Nothing that has yet appeared in "The Agriculturist," has made us change that opinion a single shade; since, however, the state of the currency may and does affect prices of produce, it equally does so with reference to the productions of the loom as of the plough; and if corn figures at a disproportionately low sum, as at present, it does so chiefly in consequence of a greater quantity being brought to market than the consumers of the article require. It is all very well—nay, vastly fine, for wise-acres to shout out, "what's the use of parliament if it be not omnipotent? parliament can do anything, we are told, and yet it cannot or will not force wheat up to 80s. the quarter?" To this we answer, "why does it not order snow, when the farmer wants it to protect his wheat, or rain, when a drought is drying up his turnip soil?" Now, truly, the one is scarce less ridiculous than the other. Parliament can, at this present moment of writing, no more do the one than it can do the other; the wheat and potatoe produce of the soil of Great Britain and Ireland has more than doubled since 1795, and knowing such to be the fact, we confess we are not a little surprised that the real cause of the present low price of wheat should be so studiously mystified. What, then, is to be done? A word in your ear, friend "agriculturist:"—work out the Poor Law Amendment Bill; demand Poor Laws for Ireland; ask for a commutation of tithes; get the consolidated fund to pay all county rates for things made use of by the country at large; and finally,—si dis placeat—a property tax, but not a graduated one; which done, the currency question—as a bookseller would say—might be "shelved," at least for the present season.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—A piece, which in a double sense is entitled to the appellation of a novelty, has been produced at this theatre since our last. It is no less than a tragedy in five acts, under the title of *The Provost of Bruges*. Who the author is, is as yet, as far as the public is concerned, as much a matter of mystery as the identity of the writer of Junius. The tragedy itself is deriving all the benefit of this ignorance of the authorship. It is, undoubtedly, a work of considerable merit, both in a literary and dramatic point of view. At another time, however, when more respect was paid to the legitimate drama, and when tragedies were among the most frequent productions of the dramatic muse, it certainly would not have met with the success, or excited the interest, of which it can boast. In the three first acts, there is more than the usual quantum of "the heavy:" the interest flags so much that the audience, were they not good-natured and indulgent to an excess, would assuredly lose all patience, and put the fiat of their "damnation" on the piece. A few of the scenes, however, even in these three acts, possess a *redeeming* interest, and the remaining two are so full of tragic incidents, that they could not fail to save the piece from such a fate. If the pruning-knife were judiciously applied to the first three acts, *The Provost of Bruges* would undoubtedly, with tolerable acting, be still more successful than it is.

There is one fault in the piece, which, were one to consult their feelings merely, would be regarded as one of no ordinary magnitude. We refer to the unhappy *denouement*. All the personages in it, in whose favour the sympathies of the audience have been enlisted, come to an unhappy end; while those whose conduct is regarded with abhorrence are eventually triumphant in their ignoble and unprincipled enterprises. The *Provost* of Bruges, the hero of the piece, falls into the hands of his tyrannical enemies, and, to save himself from an ignominious end, plunges a dagger into his bosom. His daughter, stung with the misfortunes of herself and her husband, first becomes insane, and soon afterwards dies; while her husband falls by the hand of the common foe. This is undoubtedly a painful termination; and the only thing that can be urged in its behalf, is, that it accords with historical fact.

The success of the piece is undoubtedly to be ascribed as much to the superior acting of the leading *dramatis personæ* as to its own intrinsic merits. Mr. Macready, as the *Provost*, sustained the character with more than his usual spirit. The defect which generally characterises his acting is a want of energy. In the present instance, he runs, if that be possible in him, to the opposite extreme. In some of the

scenes, he becomes so impassioned and energetic as to verge on extravagance. Miss Ellen Tree is excellent as the Provost's daughter. She exhibits, towards the conclusion, all those manifestations of sorrow at the adverse fate of her father and husband which become the occasion, without degenerating into phrenzy. Of the acting of the other characters we have not space to enter into detailed criticism; suffice it to say, that it well sustains that of Mr. Macready and Miss Ellen Tree.

COVENT GARDEN.—Otway's tragedy of *Venice Preserved* has been re-produced at this theatre, in order to give a further trial to Miss Faucit in the higher walks of tragedy. The arduous character of *Belvidere* was assigned to her; and the manner in which she has acquitted herself fully justifies the high opinion we last month expressed of her histrionic talents. She has proved herself fully equal to the task. It is true, indeed, that the piece, as a whole, has not passed off so well as could be wished; but that it is no fault of Miss Faucit's. It is to be attributed to the want of effective persons in the representation of some of the leading characters. Indeed, but for this lady's superior acting, the re-production of the piece would not have been tolerated. The more we see of her acting the greater does our confidence become that she is destined to shine in the higher walks of tragedy. We understand she is preparing for an early appearance in another important character. We shall watch her progress with some interest.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Matters are looking somewhat more promisingly at this little theatre. Mr. Barnett, as *Monsieur Jaques*, continues to attract and to gratify numerous and fashionable audiences. If Mr. Braham would only be advised to be a little more liberal in the article of novelties, the situation of the theatre, its remarkably tasteful appearance, and the general effectiveness of the dramatic corps, could not fail to make it one of the most successful among its rivals.

I'LL TWINE FOR THEE.

I'LL twine for thee a wreath of flowers
 To deck thy graceful brow,
 Of flow'rets cull'd from sweetest bow'rs,
 And wildest buds that blow :
 The violet from thy gentle eyes
 Will gain a richer blue,
 And the rose lament, with fragrant sighs,
 Thy cheek's far brighter hue—

My only Love !

The trembling lily of the vale,
 Alone in loveliness,
 On thy fair brow will look less pale
 Than in its loneliness :
 The simple primrose, whom the sun
 Kiss'd with a golden beam,
 Shall twine with those flowers, and ev'ry one
 Shine like stars in a stream—

My only Love !

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE JEWESS—THE JEWS.—The English public, in theatrical matters as well as in matters of dress, are very much like a flock of sheep. The example which one leading establishment sets is followed by all the rest. Mr. Bunn some two or three months since brought out a splendid spectacle at Drury-Lane, called "The Jewess." The thing was a hit—it drew, and in a fortnight afterwards, almost every minor theatre in the metropolis, not excepting the penny affairs in Shoreditch and other respectable neighbourhoods in the suburbs, produced their Jewess. Nothing but the Jewess was talked of in parties—no other term greeted your ears in the streets—the word occurred everlastingly in the public journals; and if you had the temerity to cast a glance at the dead walls as you passed along the thoroughfares of town, your eye was sure to encounter the eternal words "The Jewess," in the most gigantic letters which modern typographers have yet committed. The matter, in short, had grown into a nuisance, which is now, however, happily beginning to be abated. In the meantime one cannot help being struck with the anomaly of the favour shown by the British public to the Jews, as exhibited on the stage, and the contempt and harshness with which that nation are treated in all the transactions of real life. The imaginary Jewess of Mr. Bunn is idolized: the real Jews whom one meets in the streets are looked on, both by individuals and the legislature, as if they were a class of human beings with whom it were a degradation to hold any kindly intercourse. The indignities heaped on the head of Shakspeare's Shylock by the self-dubbed Christians of his time, are still, in kind, if not in degree, offered to the English Jews of the nineteenth century. This ought not to be. It is a reproach which, we hope, will be speedily wiped off our national character. The trite maxim is in every body's lips, that man is not responsible to man for his religious opinions, and yet almost every one practically belies it, in his conduct towards the Jews. Intellect "marches" to little purpose so long as such an anomaly is suffered to exist.

TAKING IT EASY.—In the House of Commons, it is matter of nightly occurrence to see honourable members who were, on the hustings, most prodigal of pledges of "unremitting attention" to their legislative duties, stretched horizontally in the side galleries, wrapped as firmly in the embraces of Morpheus, as if they had sunk into what Burns, or somebody else,—no matter who—calls "the interminable sleep." In the House of Lords, the notion which the members entertain of their own dignity, usually prevents their resigning themselves to a little balmy slumber. So great, however, are the somnolent tendencies of one of the Right Rev. Prelates who grace the bench of Bishops, that the antagonist disposition faithfully to discharge his legislative functions—supposing, as we are

bound in charity to do, that his reverence possesses such disposition—almost invariably gives up the unequal contest. It was stated a short time since, that this right reverend gentleman, who by the way, like most of his brethren, is possessed of corporeal proportions which any alderman might envy, always sleeps most soundly when there is a noisy debate. If so—if the Right Reverend Father's slumbers are sound or otherwise, in proportion to the noise which prevails around him, we would advise him, by all means, to take up his residence as near as he can, consistently with the safety of his person, to the falls of Niagara. If noise be the only prescription which can operate a sound slumber, we promise him that, if he adopt our friendly counsel, he will enjoy the most profound repose. In the meantime we put it to our readers whether there would be any harm in *relieving* such a personage from his *arduous* legislative duties.

ECONOMY OF THE PUBLIC MONEY.—Economy of the public money, we are happy to perceive, is now the order of the day, in high as well as in low places. Two magistrates, members of one of the reformed town councils in Scotland, some time ago walked on foot a distance of twelve miles on the business of the "gude town," and though they were absent from their homes the whole of the day, they only "consumed" a gill of whiskey, price three-pence half-penny, and masticated two biscuits, price one penny each, which, with a penny to the waiter, amounted altogether to the sum of sixpence-halfpenny. This account against the borough was no sooner presented than the treasurer was authorized by the council to pay it. The payment of the sum so incurred for this specimen of gastronomical moderation, was accompanied by a unanimous vote of thanks. And well might the town council reward the abstinence of the two gentlemen with this assurance of its sense of their rigid economy; for on every occasion in which a similar visit, under the close burgh regime, was paid to the same place, the expenses, between coach hire, eating, and drinking, and "incidentals," amounted, on an average, to nearly as many pounds as there were pennies in this case. Whether the economy of the public money, which is now beginning to be manifested in higher places, is to be ascribed to the example of the Scotch Town Council to which we have referred,—is a point on which we are not in a condition to express an opinion. It sufficeth us, and it ought to suffice the public, to know the fact, that not only a disposition but a determination to economize the public money, is now visible in all quarters. The *Morning Herald*, which is most exemplary in its attention to all such matters, contained, a few days since, the following paragraph:—

"The daily papers read by the Judges in Westminster Hall, are now *hired* out, not purchased, from considerations of economy."

This is exactly as it should be: we only wish it had been a little sooner: however, better late than never. The same regard for the economical use of the public money is fully entertained by his Majesty's Ministers. It is not long since they unanimously resolved to discontinue taking in, which had been done from time immemorial, the daily papers, with one exception, which it is unnecessary to name. That one, it is understood, serves all the Members of the Cabinet. *Figaro in London*, price one

penny weekly, and the *Weekly Visitor*, price one half-penny, have also had the doors of the government offices shut against them for the same reason. It is said, that in the true spirit of this rigid economy of the public money, all the members of government, from the highest minister of state down to the occupant of the most humble situation, are to find their own ink, pens, and paper, in all matters pertaining to public business, and that farthing candles only are to be henceforth used in either house of parliament. Great doings in this way are expected to be promised in Mr. Spring Rice's next budget.

HIS MAJESTY'S HEALTH AND SPIRITS.—A Sunday Paper, more remarkable for its sycophancy than for its talent, mentions in its last number, that the King continues to improve in his health and spirits. We are rejoiced to hear it, as will be, we are sure, every right-minded man in the country. The only drawback to the fulness of our joy, is, that the same paper has said the same thing almost every Sunday since His Majesty's accession to the throne; consequently, we have our doubts whether the fact be really so. However, we may be mistaken: we devoutly hope we are so—in which case, we will have the pleasing task to perform, of congratulating every loyal and properly constituted mind in these realms, on the superabundant health of our most gracious sovereign, William the Fourth. Every one knows—indeed, the very circumstance of being ignorant of such a fact would argue a most lamentable and criminal deficiency of loyalty—every one knows, that when his Majesty ascended the throne of these realms, he was most liberally blessed with the commodity of health. If, then, he has gone on as the Sunday Journal alluded to has most perseveringly asserted for the last six years he has *done—improving in health and spirits*, he must not only be the most salubrious and jolly old monarch that ever sat upon a throne, but the healthiest and jolliest person in the universe. Six years' constant improvement in the health and spirits of one who, at the beginning of that period, possessed more than the average stock of these qualities, cannot fail to render our Most Gracious Sovereign a very prodigy of health and spirits.

CLERICAL ZEAL FOR RELIGION.—A correspondent of the *Examiner*, of Sunday, the 20th ultimo, mentions, that in one of the parishes in Ireland, in which the disputes between the Protestant and Roman Catholic religions run high, a poor man, belonging to the former, having lately been taken so ill as to be deemed by himself, and all who saw him, nigh unto death,—sent for the Protestant clergyman—a doctor in divinity, it is said—on whose ministrations he was in the habit of attending, earnestly desirous of some conversation respecting his prospects for eternity, before he had received his final summons. The Protestant churchman, in answer to the application, said he could not comply with the supposed dying man's wishes, because he lived in a marshy part of the parish, which would prevent either his carriage driving up to the door, or himself entering it, without wetting his feet. The poor man, in the agony of his mental distress respecting his condition in the sight of Him whom he every moment expected to be his judge—then sent for a Roman Catholic priest. The latter complied

with his wishes without a moment's delay. He administered such spiritual consolation to the poor man as the doctrines of his church permitted; and prescribed such medicines for his bodily indisposition as had the effect, in a few weeks, of restoring him to perfect health. On his recovery, he speedily abjured Protestantism, and threw himself into the arms of the Catholic church. What a painful contrast, to the mind of every true Protestant, does the conduct of this Church-of-England divine, exhibit to that of the Roman Catholic priest! The clergyman—the Protestant doctor of divinity—balances the inconvenience of wet feet against the probable salvation of an immortal soul! Rather than incur the risk of wetting his feet, he will allow a human being to writhe under all the unutterable horrors of an awakened conscience, and run the hazard of everlasting perdition. And this is probably one of the "Irish clergy," on behalf of whom such pressing appeals are now being made to the pockets of the British public! How shocking to think that one who regards the eternal salvation of a fellow-being as a matter of much less importance than the keeping his own feet dry, during the fifteen or twenty minutes the visit might have required of his time, should, when entering on his pastoral office, have solemnly declared that, in taking that office on him, he was moved by the Holy Ghost! Verily, with such a clergy, it is no wonder that Ireland should remain Catholic: the marvel is that there are any Protestants in it at all: we mean Protestants from principle—Protestants whose worldly interest does not lie in their being so. If Ireland be not Protestantized until it be effected by the agency of such men as the present clergy, we fear there is little chance of our living to witness such a consummation, should we attain the good old age of Methuselah.

DIVISION IN THE TORY CAMP.—"When rogues fall out," says the proverb, "honest folks get their own." The Tories, just now, are at drawn daggers among themselves; and the country is enjoying the benefit of the disunion. Measure after measure of extensive and salutary reform is being introduced into Parliament without even the show of opposition by the leaders of the Tories; and the speedy transit of those measures, undamaged by Tory "amendments," through both Houses, may, if the same glorious discord continue among the faction, be confidently expected. The Duke of Wellington is rustivating at Strathfieldsaye, as careless about politics as if there were no such class of animals as Tories extant; Lord Lyndhurst is in town, but he has neither any relish, just now, for Tory stratagems nor Tory dinners; he absents himself, on system, both from the House of Lords and from the richly-spread tables of his Conservative friends. He acts, in this case, on the scriptural maxim, that if any man will not work neither should he eat. He will not do the dirty work of the faction, and therefore he has conscience enough not to eat their dinners. Sir Robert Peel goes occasionally to the House, but he offers no resistance to liberal measures. On the contrary, as in the case of the Irish Municipal Corporation Reform Bill, he advises the House to let the bills be brought in without opposition. If a demonstration in favour of the expiring cause of Toryism be made in the House of Lords, the task devolves on those able and enlightened statesmen, the Marquis of Londonderry and the

Earl of Roden; if, in the Lower House, Tory principles are still to be asserted, Mr. Scarlett, the leader of what Mr. O'Connell calls the "calf-headed" gentry, has the sole enviable honour of raising his bray on behalf of the faction. This is exactly as it should be. To this complexion we knew it would come at last.

YANKEE AND DUTCH ADVERTISING.—We have often been amused with the specimens of American Advertising, which occasionally come under our eye. The following is not amiss:—

"Anthony Macdonald teaches boys and girls their grammar tongue: also, Geography, terrestrial and celestial. Old hats made as good as new."

There can be no question that if Anthony is able to perform all he here promises, he is a universal genius. No man not possessing the most versatile talents, could unite in his own person the somewhat heterogeneous qualifications requisite for teaching "boys and girls their *grammar tongue*, also geography, terrestrial and *celestial*;" and making "old hats as good as new." To be instructed in "*celestial* geography," by which Anthony, we suppose, means the geography of the heavens—generally called by other people, *Astronomy*,—must be a very great matter: but as the world goes, especially in Jonathan's land, we shrewdly suspect, that if Anthony can, according to promise, in reality make "old hats as good as new," he is likely to drive a somewhat brisker and more profitable business that way, than in teaching the young idea how to shoot, the Americans being notorious for their "shocking bad hats." The Dutch are beginning to vie with the Americans, in the article of original advertisements. It is not a long time since one of Dutch manufacture—and the production of a woman—came under our observation, which struck us as being extremely happy of its kind. Here it is, and let our readers judge of its merits for themselves:—

"Van Roorst died on the 15th instant. He was the best of husbands, and his relict is inconsolable at her loss. God rest his soul in peace, is the earnest prayer of his deeply afflicted widow, who will, as usual, continue to supply her friends with the best articles in the grocery and cheesemongery line, at the most reasonable terms."

Here an ardent affection for the "dear departed," is most ingeniously blended with the affairs of the shop. In England, we cannot manage matters in this fashion. If a woman be inconsolable for the death of her husband,—which every woman ought to be, if, as in this case, he was "the best of husbands,"—she very foolishly forgets everything else in the extremity of her affliction. In Holland, the deepest regret for a deceased partner in life is perfectly compatible with a due regard to the pounds, shillings, and pence matters of the shop. There the inconsolable widow, in the depths of her distress, never for one moment, if in the "grocery and cheesemongery line,"—or, we suppose, in any other line—forgets that she has "articles" to vend "at the most reasonable terms;" and in notifying to her friends the decease of her husband, she takes care to intimate the latter fact also. Sorrow and business—the grave and the shop, are here blended together, with a felicity peculiar to the "inconsolable widows" of Holland.

EXECUTION OF FIESCHI.—Fieschi has paid the penalty of the law;—his head was chopped off on the 20th. He kept his word as to the manner of his dying; that is to say, he died, according to his own acceptance of the term, a hero! In other words, he died as he had lived—a brute. A more melancholy insensibility to the crimes he had committed, or to his destiny in a future state, was never exhibited. No mark of contrition for his guilt ever escaped him; no fear of futurity seems ever to have had a moment's existence in his mind. And yet none of the French journals even hint a word of regret or disapprobation at the frightful spectacle of a human being, stained with the most atrocious crimes, thus rushing recklessly into the presence of the Supreme Being. There can be no question, that this tacit approval of this brutal indifference to death on a public scaffold, has a most injurious effect on the myriads who witness the spectacle, and the millions who read the account of it. The ignorant multitude are taught to look on a person dying under such circumstances, and having every thing he says and does carefully chronicled, and without a single expression of disgust,—as if he were the most illustrious man that ever lived;—they are, indeed, led to look on such a person as a sort of deity. Were public indignation sufficiently expressed through the press, first at the crime itself, and then at the brutal indifference which the criminal evinces both as to what he has done and the futurity which awaits him; were he, in short, held up as one whose conduct, in such a case, ought only to be regarded with mingled feelings of loathing and commiseration, it would, in the first instance, operate as a preventative to such atrocities; and, in the second, it would, if any earthly consideration could, induce those who had been hurried into crimes by the force of their depravity, to be ashamed of their guilt, both in the sight of their Maker and their fellow men.

AN EPISODE.—Our readers will probably recollect the story of the French Roman Catholic General, who, in the midst of his devotions, used to turn about his head to his attendants and order heretics to be executed by the dozen. The thing was done, if we may so speak, by way of parenthesis. The French correspondent of *The Times* seems to have a somewhat similar, though happily more harmless taste for episode, or parenthesis. In the midst of a most inflated and pathetic account of the execution of Fieschi and his accomplices, the writer turns aside from the main subject, in the midst of the most important part of it, to bestow an episodal paragraph on the Duke of Brunswick:—

“On the outside of the gate, at a tavern, the Duke of Brunswick was seen at a window of the first floor, looking over the gate on the scaffold with a spying-glass. The Noble Duke wore a fashionable great-coat of an olive green, and frequently waved about a beautiful Indian silk handkerchief. There was with him an Englishman, who was said to be a person of distinction—he was accompanied by an interpreter. They both gave sixty francs for their places.”

The minuteness of the description cannot fail to strike every one. The Noble Duke was on “the outside of the gate,”—he was on “the first-floor,” and at a “window,”—he looked through “a spying-glass,”—he “wore a fashionable great-coat,” which was of “an olive green,” and, to crown all, he waved “a beautiful Indian silk handkerchief.” We have seldom seen, in the same limited compass, so

much descriptive matter. The writer's powers of observation must have been very great, when, amidst the deeply-interesting scenes that were passing around him, he could do such justice to the Noble Duke. As Fieschi was so ambitious of notoriety as to be able to "bear no rival near the throne," it was fortunate he did not anticipate the attention paid to the Duke of Brunswick by the reporter of his execution. Had he done so, the circumstance would have been more horrible to him than the guillotine itself. We wonder how his Grace will relish being thus gibbeted in the columns of *The Times*, in company with Fieschi and his associates in crime!

POLISH WAR SONG.

AWAKE each heart and hand!
 Flash forth each glittering brand!
 And "Strike for Poland!" be our cry:—
 Bloody shall be our path,
 And, like the whirlwind's wrath,
 Scattering the red sand as it hurries by.
 We'll quell the Calmuc's pride,
 And ere the even-tide,
 The war-horse and his rider shall be lying
 Upon the lowly ground,
 Changing the trumpet's sound
 For murmurs of the vanquish'd and the dying.
 Past are our years of shame,
 Now blazes forth the flame
 From which the phoenix bursts in dazzling light;
 Pluming his radiant wings—
 T'ward the mid heaven he springs,
 And soars on high our standard in the fight.
 And he shall lead us on
 Till victory is won,
 And shouts of triumph through the field resounding,
 Declare our endless fame,
 And to the world proclaim,
 Brave Poland's sons in glorious deeds abounding!
 Awake each heart and hand!
 Again as freemen stand,
 And dash aside the Muscovite's cold chain!
 Think what our fathers were,
 Show what their children are,
 And wash away, in blood, the iron chain.
 For liberty and right,
 We will rush to the fight,
 With our first shock the tyrant's ranks convulsing—
 Sons of the illustrious dead!
 Shall it be told we fled?
 No! Death or Victory, we'll meet exulting!

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Reminiscences of a Literary Life. By the REV. T. FROGNALL DIBDIN, D.D. In two handsome volumes, royal 8vo., with a finely done portrait of the author, together with numerous engravings on wood and copper—all of them of a superior order. John Major, 71, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, pp. 982.—(*Second Notice.*)

WE promised to return to these amusing and instructive volumes, yet we trust we have not led any of our readers to suppose that any analysis or description of them within our power, or the necessarily contracted space of an ordinary notice, could at all supersede the benefit or pleasure to be derived from their actual perusal. Our first notice was a very short one, for the reason assigned, yet we hope it has operated as a provocative to some to open the book—to shut it again very speedily, we think would prove a much more difficult task. *Devouring*, not *reading*, is the word with those who fully estimate this literary treat. The great *merit* of Dr. Dibdin (yet coupled with a too great anxiety about the opinion of others) has brought upon him many enemies, who are loud and clamorous in their censures, and tedious in proportion as they would dissuade the public from tasting an almost new literary banquet, which it has been the doctor's envied fortune to present to the age in which we live. It is, in fact, a difficult thing to do justice to any of his works in a review—the *eye*, in most of them, demands an *honest pupil*, and the heart should be in its right place! since his very embellishments not unfrequently forestall or indicate the various pleasurable feelings excited by the text. *Bibliography*—to many a completely novel word—as cultivated by Dr. Dibdin, is not a dull and dry pursuit, but an improver, even, of refined intellect; and the result of its study, aided by a lively and unwearied pen, and a thorough knowledge of every branch of the subject, has given to this author a complete fascination over every cultivated and elegant mind, whether male or female. He is the first writer among us who has imparted to bibliography the charms of wit and humour, sentiment and feeling—thus he has pleased the wise and the good, and offended none but the would-be literary stoics and the philosophical blackguards; and the rage of the latter is approaching to suffocation, whilst the doctor's admirers are evidently on the increase.

An accomplished literary antiquary, as well as a competent judge of the relative value of certain works, from their respective dates and editions—their editors, printers, and publishers—he has contrived to imbue the public mind, throughout his various publications, with as high a relish for the strong sense and simple elegance of the authors of the *olden time*, as if they possessed the works themselves, from which he has so judiciously culled the chiefest beauties. The *Spencer catalogue* is a complete *epitome* of all that is curious in that noble collection, from the rude types and cuts of the early typographers, to the style of writing or translating those most precious volumes of antiquity which have been brought together by the unbounded care and expense of the noble owner. The "*Bibliomania*" forms a history of the improving intellect of our own country, from the invention of printing to our own times. The pleasant and communicative way in which he dwells on the beauties of the old writers makes him equally the favourite of those who can or cannot indulge in the pleasures of book-collecting. His manner is completely his own.

Yet there are a few *nameless persons* who object to maps and finger-posts in literature—to all *flowers* that can be strewed upon its paths, and above all object to an *appropriate elegant binding* being bestowed upon a *valuable book*! As well might they pretend to loathe the sight of a beautiful woman *elegantly and suitably attired*! Does the sort of being who has no fancy for these things—nothing *intellectual* whatever to *trouble him*—think or suppose that he may not have his dirty or ill-bound copy without the leave of Dr. Dibdin?—Dolt!—He is quite as much at liberty to enjoy his folly and ignorance, as is the ill-mannered cub to keep aloof from the precincts of female elegance and attraction! Advice and guidance of any kind is useless to him who never travels out of Grub-street, and who can find the way blind-fold to his own particular Hippocrene, the nearest pot-house. The love of books is a glorious passion, and to justify it, there is no occasion to contrast it with that for dogs and horses, even in a country where every one may do as he will with his own.

We advise the worthy Doctor to be less anxious about what is said of him by reviewers; he deals in that which is too elegant and subtle for their grasp. His *readers* are his best and most natural critics, and we ourselves confess that we can *feel* a proper description of him better than we could *write* it. In the work immediately before us the author not only sustains his own amiable and communicative character, but through the medium of a considerable correspondence gives us a most discriminative view of the characters of a host of contemporary authors and collectors of high taste and attainments. To most of these letters fac-simile autographs are attached, and the whole forms an imperishable record of worthy friendships and literary ardour, in vain to be elsewhere sought for.

In the Doctor's personal history, interesting as it is, we are at times surprised at the simplicity with which (for the sake of truth) he relates a few incidents and anecdotes somewhat derogatory to the dignity and eminence he has since attained, but there are others, and much more numerous ones, of the most romantic character and thrilling interest, showing at once his own warmth of heart and the responsive feelings of some of the brightest characters, living and deceased, for the last thirty-five years. The whole is a "thing of life," "warm from the heart and faithful to its fires!" If the history of a *man's own works* and an account of the virtuous associations arising therefrom, forms two closely printed volumes, be it remembered that those very works form an epoch for antiquarian research, and the fine arts in general. We must now dismiss these vivid "*Reminiscences*"—this *storehouse* for every man and woman of true taste, simply wishing they may afford the reader that pleasure from a first perusal, which is strongly urging us to a *second* on the part of our own.

Edith of Glamis. By CUTHBERT CLUTTERBUCK, of Kennaquhair, F.S.A., &c. &c. 3 vols. pp. about 900. Smith, Elder, and Co. Cornhill.

THIS is a work of no ordinary merit. The author—whose style of writing we think very taking—of a stirring kind, we mean—is evidently a scholar and a gentleman. He tells us in his "preface" that it is many years since he appeared before the reading public. We are delighted to be in the way to welcome his second appearance. He will be good enough to attribute the non-appearance of extracts from his clever book to the right cause—want of room. We have said enough to direct the attention of the literary world to his Edith of Glamis: and sure we are, that while works like this are sent forth there will be no lack of English readers. We could not say less than this.

The Portfolio. Nos. 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12. Ridgway and Sons.

THIS periodical novelty goes on admirably well—all the early numbers have been reprinted. The articles are very spirited.

M. M.—No. 3.

X

The British and Foreign Review. No. 3. January, 136. Ridgway and Sons.

THIS number of the "European Quarterly," will, we are confident, be considered the most superior one of the three that have been issued. It forms a massive periodical, and is eminently worthy of the "cause" which it so ably advocates.

The History of the Overthrow of the Roman Empire, and the Foundation of the Principal Roman States. By W. C. TAYLOR, L.L.D., &c. of Trinity College, Dublin.

THE period of European history between the fifth and fifteenth centuries, has been illustrated by the greatest historians of modern times, Gibbon and Sismondi. Some apology may, therefore, be expected from one (as he modestly tells us, in his sensible preface,) of inferior powers, who now ventures to treat the same subject. Enough, however, has been said. We venture to predict this excellent work will be eminently successful.

The Encyclopædia Britannica. Parts 69 and 70. Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh: Simkpin and Marshall; and Whittaker and Co., London.

THIS elaborate work continues to excite great attention—our men of letters and academicians hold it in high estimation. It must not be disguised, however, that the high standing of the editor has secured for it the extensive patronage of which the publishers make mention, with every show of truth, certainly, on their parts. We have read the "paper" arranged under the head of *Jews*, together with that which treats of *our Johnson*, with real pleasure, and, we may add, instruction. There are, of course, others of equal merit—but not so immediately interesting to ourselves, as that which furnishes us with a "new life" of Dr. Johnson.

Winkles's Cathedrals. No. 14. Containing Illustrations of the Cathedral Church of Rochester. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

THIS is not only a very interesting number,—in as much as we have some valuable matter respecting Rochester and its ancient Cathedral, founded in the reign of Ethelbert, the Anglo-Saxon king of Kent, soon after Augustine the Monk had landed in the Isle of Thanet, and preached the Gospel at Canterbury—but an improvement upon the former. It is really a mystery to us how such works as are being done can be done. Here we have *three* beautiful illustrations, with letter-press, in 4to.—for what? one shilling.

Winkles's Cathedrals. The Cathedral Church of Amiens, &c. No. 2.

OF this work, we spoke in terms of praise in our last number: of the two that have been issued, we think the one before us scarcely equal to the first. We do not intend dispraise in saying thus much.

The Architectural Magazine. No. 24. Longman and Co.

THIS ably conducted work of Mr. Loudon's has reached the twenty-fourth number of the third volume: and we are enabled to say, with uninterrupted success. By builders and architects this work must be held in high estimation.

Arboretum Britannicum ; or, the Hardy Trees of Britain. Nos. 25 & 26. THESE numbers are quite equal to any that preceded them.

The Magazine of Health. By a Practising Physician. No. I, for February, 1836. Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.

THIS fresh and vigorous effort, if we do not greatly err, will prove deservedly successful. It was a work much desiderated : and in introducing a new number into the already large family of cheap periodicals, the Proprietors plead that there is none of a popular character on the important subject of human health ; or, at least, none that can be regarded as of competent authority, or which has not lost caste, by becoming, in some way or other, the vehicle of quackery.

The Edinburgh Journal of Natural History and of the Physical Sciences, with the Animal Kingdom. By BARON CUVIER. Conducted by Capt. Thomas Brown, F.L.S., &c. Part I. Smith, Elder, and Co. Cornhill.

A WORK which promises to become of considerable importance ; and, from our inspection of the part now before us, we think well of it. The size of the volumes, when completed, will be outrageously large ; and we have no doubt will operate against the sale of the work in parts.

Finden's Portrait and Landscape Illustrations of Lord Byron's Life and Works ; with an Account of the Subject of each Engraving. By W. BROCKEDON, F.R.S. London, John Murray, Albermarle Street. Parts 1 and 2.

MR. MURRAY'S fame, as a publisher, is proverbial : and, if we are not greatly deceived, this "splendid effort" to crown the undying immortality of Byron with a *wreath* so illustrious—the which Mr. Finden has for the most part supplied—will not diminish—but add to a reputation so richly won—so magnificently merited. In No. 2, we have, amongst others, a finely executed landscape engraving representing the course of the Tiber, in the vicinity of Rome—

—————"Dost thou flow,
Old Tiber, through a marble wilderness?"

which is really beautiful. The work must find its way to every drawing-room and private library in the kingdom.

Landscape-Historical Illustrations of Scotland and the Waverley Novels, from Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, Professor, R.A., &c. The Descriptions by the Rev. G. N. Wright, M.A., &c. Fisher, Son, and Co., London and Paris. No. 1.

It must be truly gratifying to the patrons and true lovers of the liberal arts, to perceive the growth—the daily emanations of a heaven-directed press—of popular and useful publications : and there are none that we have yet seen that can exceed the one before us : and we feel quite sure, the public will side with us when we say to the spirited publishers, to whom we are mainly indebted for such superior editions of our most eminent authors, poets, and novelists—proceed with unabated energy—and may the best success crown this handsome undertaking.

The Waverley Novels. Parts 1 to 4. With Illustrations by Turner, Fisher, Son, and Co., London and Paris.

THIS well-designed and inexpensive way of presenting us with the works of Scotland's dearest bard, with illustrations of the best description, cannot fail of obtaining a wide and liberal patronage.

Elliott's Poems. In Weekly Parts. Part 1.

THESE poems are of a superior order. Mr. Elliott has gained a reputation that must be highly gratifying to himself and pleasing to his literary friends and contemporaneous writers.

Chapters of Contemporary History. By Sir JOHN WALSH, Baronet. John Murray, Albermarle Street. 1836.

THIS is a very interesting and able essay, consisting of a series of chapters of Contemporary History, commencing with the administration of Lord Grey. The political world will be anxious to possess this work, which really forms a parliamentary "text-book," and should be carefully read by every practical member of the Houses of Lords and Commons.

Parts 11 and 12. Van Voorst's History of British Fishes. By WILLIAM YARRELL, F.L.S. Illustrated by upwards of 100 Wood-cuts, including numerous Vignettes.

THIS very interesting work proceeds with unabated talent in each department. The part for February exhibits some highly-wrought specimens of perfected wood-engraving. The publisher has become deservedly famous in this particular line of publication.

Draughts of Character. By A. Corkscrew. The Literary Cuts by † †. William Carpenter, Fleet Street.

THANKS to A. Corkscrew, we are enabled to submit to the public taste some characteristic samples of the choice spirits of the age. They are presented in this highly-amusing and clever publication, containing several excellent portraits of our "Citizen potentates," admirably engraved on wood, in their unbottled beauty; and, what is more, we shall continue to exhibit the series in succession, as in a glass.

The Engineer's and Mechanic's Encyclopedia, &c. Parts 2, 3, and 4. Thomas Kelly, Paternoster-row.

THIS useful work proceeds with vigour. Part Four, we think the most interesting yet issued. Under the heads calico-printing, calculating-machines, carving cards, and coal-mine, we have a store of valuable information. The wood engravings are done in a masterly manner, and serve to illustrate the various subjects treated of admirably well. As we said at first, this elaborate yet inexpensive undertaking *must* find its way to every scientific man in the kingdom.

"Intellectual Toys." West, Fleet Street.

THIS little work is intended to engage the youth of both sexes in scientific pursuits as an amusement. The author has given plates and descriptions of thirty

different instruments. The subject has been treated in such a plain and comprehensive manner, as to merit the approbation of parents and teachers generally. The work has been favourably received by her Majesty, who at all times manifests a great desire for the spread of education.

An Essay on the Turnpike Roads of the Kingdom, and the Practicability of Uniting them with the Department of the General Post Office, &c, &c. &c. By ROBERT FUGE, of Bishop's Tawton, Devon, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera. Hurst, St. Paul's Church Yard.

AN Essay, indeed! Why the pestiferous blockhead who was guilty of wasting ink and paper to indite, and the means to pay for the printing of such a lot of stuff and nonsense as we have placed before us in this well-typographed pamphlet, in the absence of even a mechanical knowledge of grammar, much more the adaptation of its positive rules—would, we feel assured, be guilty of setting the Thames on fire. We shrewdly suspect, moreover, that the proper name of our stupid essayist is Fudge, and not Fuge. We cannot help commenting upon the barefaced quackery of this road-side doctor, (who, it is quite evident, was *driving* at "place" while he impudently pretended to a knowledge of digging and delving on the highways and by-ways of the Post-Office department,) as demonstrated by the dedication to his Grace the Duke of Richmond, the late Postmaster General. It is scarcely necessary for us to add, that the "matter," such as it will be found—supplied by this unamiable rustic of the old school, is wholly without interest; disowns every thing like common sense; contains no argument; and is one unconnected jumble of ignorance and shallow pretension.

Elegy written in a Country Church-yard. By THOMAS GRAY. Illustrated by Wood Engravings. John Van Voorst, Paternoster-row.

THIS magnificent book is dedicated to Samuel Rogers, Esq., one of our best and favourite poets, and a munificent patron of the arts, &c.

On the merits of the poem itself we dare not speak. Fame has said enough for the gifted man who produced it. The great improvement, however, that has taken place in the art of Engraving on Wood, as well as its general adoption—in some measure superseding the use of copper and steel—led to the present "effort" to apply this mode of embellishment to a poem of such catholic celebrity, and which appeared to afford the greatest scope for the talents of the artist. The work is beautifully printed.

Tales of the Glens. With Ballads and Songs. By the late JOSEPH GRANT. Fraser and Co., Edinburgh; and Henry Washbourne, London. pp. 288.

A VERY interesting little work, calculated to amuse and instruct at the same time. It has been said, with what degree of truth we will not stay to determine, that the uneducated man, who strives to mount the ladder of literary fame, must expect the sternest opposition of the learned and refined, who consider his appearance in their ranks an invasion of their dearly-bought rights and privileges. The author before us was of the humbler class of society: his mind naturally active—and not without genius. He thought constantly, no doubt, of the treatment of Chatterton, Kirke White, and lastly, of Burns, his gifted fellow-countryman,

"Who walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough upon the mountain side."

Mr. Grant (now dead), however, does not appear to have had any pretensions to the rank of Burns.

Mountain Melodies, &c. &c. By THOMAS EAGLES. Whittaker and Co. 1835.

MR. EAGLES is not unknown to us as a poet of fancy and imagination. His volume of "*Mountain Melodies*," will add to his reputation, as a writer of poetry. This handsome tome is dedicated to Sir John Tobin, in a spirit that does credit to the author's sense—favours conferred—of obligations unrequited. We have perused most of the pieces with gratification, if not delight. We select the following, by way of extract:—

MORNING.

The morning breaks !
And the green meadows, bright with blushing flowers,
Emit their rich perfume. The early crows,
With slow and steady pace, leave their high nests,
And for their young ones cater. The mushrooms,
Glist'ning with dew, peep from their grassy beds,
And the loud sky-lark wings its way to heaven.
Rich woodbines, thro' hawthorn hedges twining,
Diffuse their sweetness on the gentle breeze ;
And ever and anon the hunter's horn
Comes riding on the blast from distant hills.
O! beauteous, lovely Morning !

The Tin Trumpet ; or, Heads and Tales for the Wise and Waggish : to which are added, Poetical Selections. By the late PAUL CHATFIELD, M.D. Edited by Jefferson Saunders, Esq. Whittaker and Co. pp. 575.

A VERY eccentric, but entertaining work, consisting of whims and oddities—wise saws, and a few modern instances—systematically scattered over 550 pages, or thereabouts.

Fisher's Juvenile Scrap-Book, for 1836. Edited by Bernard Barton. Fisher, Son, and Co.

THOUGH last of all the annuals, not the least interesting. Bernard Barton will do well to be earlier in the field next year. We like the plan of the Juvenile Scrap-Book. The matter is unexceptionable. The plates are not of the highest order.

Six Months of a Newfoundland Missionary Journal, July to August, 1835. Smith, Elder, and Co. pp. 264.

A WORK of peculiar interest, and one, too, which will, we think, be acceptable to the Christian world. The various subjects treated of are of the first importance to missionaries ; and are faithfully brought before us by a writer of no common pretensions. We cannot hesitate, therefore, to recommend the attentive perusal of this useful publication.

First Annual Report of the Poor Law Commissioners, for England and Wales. Clowes and Sons, Stamford Street. pp. 406.

THIS highly elaborate and pains-taking compilation has just made its appearance ; and, from what we have been enabled to deduce from the contents, commands universal perusal, and the most patient investigation of the facts set forth in its crowded pages.

The Poetical Works of Charles Lamb. A new edition. Edward Moxon, Dovor Street.

WE are pleased to see a new and improved edition of a favourite poet, whose loss we had to deplore so lately. Of the merits of this work we need not surely speak : the book itself is in Mr. Moxon's best style of publication.

Evenings Abroad. By the Author of "Sketches of Corfu." Smith, Elder, and Co., booksellers to their Majesties.

THIS is one of the most entertaining volumes we have read for some years. It is intended to supply the place of a literary common-place book. The author has succeeded to the letter.

The British Quixote; or, the Surprising Adventures of Don Poplin, Knight of the Waning Dragon. By PASQUIN. Edwards, Ave-Maria Lane. pp. 265.

WE own the Adventures of Don Poplin, like those of Don Quixote, present a farrago of heterogeneous topics: but their tendency,—do you see? "Omne tulit," &c.; that is all we shall say of this unexpected stranger, at present. The age of book-making cannot have passed away.

Lays of the Heart, &c. By J. S. C. Smith, Elder, and Co.

"THE Ode to the Memory of a Father," which forms the principal feature in this unpretending little book, belongs to the better order of poetry. The poems, generally, are fairly done.

The Parliamentary Guide. Corrected to February, 1836. Bailey and Co., Cornhill.

THIS useful and well-authenticated book of parliamentary reference, by R. B. Mosse, Esq., has just issued from the press. On the whole, it is an improvement on the original edition.

Select Prose Works of Milton. Account of his own Studies. Apology for his Early Life and Writings. Tractate on Education. Areopagitica. Tenure of Kings. Vol. 1. With a Preliminary Discourse, and Notes. By J. A. St. JOHN. pp. 329. Hatchard and Son.

HERE we have a new and excellent edition of Milton's prose works; and one, too, which *must* find its way into the library of every scholar in these islands, if not throughout Europe. We strongly recommend this work to the public at large.

The Life of General Washington. By Cyrus R. Edmunds. Vol. 2. pp. 365. Tegg and Son.

WE have already expressed a favourable opinion of this very interesting work. The second volume is by no means inferior to the first. It is well written. The concluding remarks may not be inappropriate:—"General Washington's self-moderation is well known to the world already. It is a remarkable circumstance which redounds to his honour, that while president of the United States, he never appointed one of his own relations to any office of trust or emolument, although he has several that are men of abilities, and well qualified to fill the most important stations in the government."

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR MARCH, 1836.

Nearly ready, dedicated, by permission, to the Venerable Archdeacon Butler, D.D., "The Elements of Latin Grammar, for the Use of Schools," by Richard Hiley, Author of "English Grammar," &c. &c.

In the Press, and shortly will be published, "The Physical Theory of Another Life," by the Author of "Natural History of Enthusiasm."

In the Press. A Second Edition of "My Daughter's Book," by the Editor of the "Young Gentleman's Book," and "The Volume of the Affections."

Shortly will appear, in 2 vols. small 8vo., "The Reliques of Father Punt," late P. P. of Watergrasshill, in the County of Cork, Ireland. Collected and arranged by Oliver Yorke. Illustrated by Alfred Croquis.

In 1 vol., small 8vo. "The Greek Pastoral Poets, Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus." Done into English by M. J. Chapman, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge.

"Oriental Historical Manuscripts, in the Tamil Language:" translated, with Annotations. By William Taylor, Missionary. Volume 1, 4to. boards; to be completed in two volumes. Madras printed.

In a few days will be published, in 2 vols. 12mo., "The Select Remains of the Rev. John Cooke," of the Tabernacle, Moorfields, London, and Maidenhead, Berks. Edited by the Rev. Dr. Redford.

The Continuation of "Hume and Smollett's History of England; 1760 to 1835," by the Rev. T. S. Hughes, 8vo., vol. 1., 10s. 6d. bds.

"The Poetical Chronology of Ancient and English History," by Dr. Valpy. Fifteenth Edition, 2s. 6d. bound.

The Nineteenth Volume of Valpy's uniform "History of England," with Illustrations, 5s. cloth boards.

"Pope's Poetical Works," complete, with Illustrations and Notes, by Dr. Croly. 4 vols. cloth boards, 24s.

"Sermons preached on Public Occasions," with Notes, by R. Valpy, D.D. F.A.S. New Edition. 8vo. 8s. 6d. boards.

"Essays on several Important Subjects connected with the Church and State," by R. Valpy, D.D. F.A.S. 8vo. 8s. 6d. boards.

FINE ARTS.

Wilkie's picture of John Knox Preaching before the Lords of the Convocation. A late proof of Doo's beautiful line engraving of this celebrated picture has been seen by a few of that artist's friends, which fully justifies the praise bestowed by their Majesties on this gem of art, when presented to their notice last month by Mr. Moon. The price to be paid for engraving this picture will exceed £4,000; and it is said it will be a year and a half before it will be finished.